THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863. | VOL. X.—No. 38. PRICE SIX CENTS.



THE OLD MOTHER.

Poor old lady, set her aside—
Her children are grown, and her work is done;
True, in their service her locks turned gray,
But shove her away, unsought, alone.

Give her a home, for decency's sake
In some back room, far out of the way,
Where her tremulous voice cannot be heard—
It might check your mirth when you would be gay.

Strive to forget how she toiled for you,
And cradled you oft on her loving breast—
Told you stories and joined your play,
Many an hour when she needed rest.

No matter for that—huddle her off;
Your friends might wince at her witty jest;
She is too "old fashioned," and speaks "so plain"—
Get her out of the way of the coming guest.

Once you valued her cheerful voice,
Her hearty laugh and her merry song;
But to "ears polite" they are quite too loud—
Her jokes too sharp, her tales too long.

So, poor old lady, hustle her off—
In her cheerless room let her sit alone;
She must not meet with your guests to-night,
For her children are grown and her work is done.

THE PUGILISTS AND THE FIREMAN;

OR,

NEW YORK AS IT WAS.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE FANCY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JAS. C. POPE.

CHAPTER X.

FRANK CLERKSON AND ANDY BLACK—PAYING FOR ONE'S OWN BREAKFAST—THE LOTTERY TICKET—ANDY SAVING HIS MUTTON—BILL HASTY'S AGAIN—CHRIS SAMSON EXPOSED—THE FIREMAN AND OLIVER DALTON—A SURPRISE—THE FIREMAN'S TOAST—MADAME CABET'S—FRANK AND THE "LOOSE" BEAUTY—DANGER—THE FALL OF AFRICA—THE KNIFE AT WORK—CABET DETECTED FIRING THE BUILDING—THE SILVER CHAMBER AND THE NAKED FEMALE—SCIENCE VS. NATURE—A SMASHING BUSINESS—SULLIVAN IN A WRESTLING MATCH—A DEATH BLOW—TERRIBLE DENOUEMENT.

Early in the morning, Frank Clerkson paid a brief visit to his prisoner, Andy Black, beneath the floor of his engine house, where he had that belligerent gentleman confined. Receiving word by a messenger from Sullivan, that morning, of the premeditated visit to Madame Capet's bagnio, and asking him to lend a hand in, in its demolition, as a prelude to the utter annihilation of the Murdering Brigade, Frank essayed to pump Andy on certain points, the knowledge of which might prove of great service to the party.

"You're a pooty-lookin' rooster, aint yer, now? "said the latter, as he appeared before Andy, smoking a cigar. "Do you know what we're going to do with you, Andy? We're going to keep you chained down here for a month; feed you on nothing but the worst of air, and treat you to the same stuff for drink, with cobweb hash to top off with; then fasten you to a lamp-post on the walk, in front of the engine house; turn the Croton on to you, through the hose, and drown you standing; that's what our folks are going to do with you. Bully, aint it?" and Frank, seeing a rat protruding its head from a hole in the wall, ejected a copious stream of tobacco juice from between his teeth, causing the rat to retreat, screaming with pain.

"That's rough," replied Andy.

"What, on the rat?"

"Rough on me."

"Oh! Didn't that rat scoot though?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's the way you'll leave after the boys are done with you," and Frank smiled. "Say, Andy," he continued, "some of Clifford's party can fight, can't they?" Andy did not reply. "Our boys can fight, too."

"Yes."

"But they don't waylay their enemies."

"No."

"Hungry, Andy?" This was said by way of changing tactics.

"A few," replied Andy.

"Git you some grub, bimeby, if you've got money to pay for it good egg, at Madame Cabet's slaughter house, Andy?"

"Sometimes."

"Just so—swag in your pockets?"

Andy's arms were pinioned, and he could not use them or his hands; and reminding the fireman of the fact, Clerkson took from him a ponderous-sized wallet, in which, upon opening it, he discovered a few dollars in silver; a dirty slip of printed paper, and some documents "of no value to any one but the owner."

"Brads enough for breakfast, Andy," remarked Frank; "but where in h-ll did you get this 'ere ticket?"

It was Moreton's lost lottery ticket. Andy replied that he took it from a "bloke," and therefore detailed to Frank the manner in which he came by it, a second time. The reader will surmise that Oliver Dalton possessed the note, when he was attacked by Andy and his companion, as narrated in a foregoing chapter.

"You remember, Andy, you gave me this paper once, at the Park?"

"H-ll! Was that the one?"

"Yes, and I sold it to Jack Moreton, who lost it, with his coat, at the races."

"Well, it's mine now," said Andy; "but if Moreton wants it, he can have it."

"You're good, Andy, when you can't help yourself. Now, if you answer me one or two questions fairly, I'll try and get you out of this scrape."

"Say on."

"Bob Clifford is interested with Madame Cabet, aint he?"

"You wont blow on me?"

"Nary time."

"Bob is the full owner, but only works outside."

"Owner of what, the house, or the furniture?"

"No, of the business. Madame allows him a per centage of the earnings, besides; him and Dick Foxwell, the 'Ghoul,' sometimes 'stand in,' together, spotting 'high blokes,' and 'shakesters,' what visit the 'Ken' on the sly, and after tapping them, Madame 'naps' her 'regulars.'"

"That's the game, is it? Bob's a d——d sight more of a rascal than I took him to be."

After a further discussion of matters, Frank, for the information given him, decided to free Andy the next day, with the threat that if ever caught fighting against the fire laddies, he'd kill him, sure.

As he was withdrawing from the place, he said, "some of the boys will bring you breakfast; and mind now, Andy, I may never see you again; but if ever I catch you fighting against me or my crowd, I'll kill you dead as cotton."

Giving orders to one of the company to attend to the prisoner, with a second order to let him go free the next morning, Frank departed from the engine house to meet Mark Blake and Sullivan, at Hasty's.

In anticipation of a call from the referee for a renewal of the fight between Moreton and Kernan, or some other settlement thereof, all the sports of the town were congregated at Hasty's, discussing the pros and cons, and the various liquors and cigars. Soon after Clerkson reached there, the referee made his appearance, and, in turn, was followed by Chris Samson and a few friends.

There was much bustle and changing of seats as Chris entered the bar-room, who, turning to Sullivan, attempted to address that pugilist, but he was treated with a look that compelled the rascal to hold his hush. Hasty also gave him the cold shoulder, and Big Mike turned up his nose at him in disgust.

Sam soon grew uneasy, and wished the matter ended, but being possessed of a superfluous amount of gall or assurance, he braved the sullen looks of all who were cognizant of his villainous plot, hatched up at the connivance of Bob Clifford.

To arrive at a settlement, Mark Blake, Sullivan, Jack Moreton, Bill Hasty (who was stakeholder), Jim Stewart, the referee, and Samson, retired up stairs, the crowd awaiting below.

Chris. immediately claimed the battle money on the evidence adduced in the letter to the referee, written by Clifford; but Blake set forth the facts of the case as previously laid before the reader, and Chris. possessed not the fool-hardiness or effrontery to deny the charges, whereupon the stakes were awarded to Moreton. Samson, disgusted and crest-fallen on the discovery of being made a tool of by Clifford, retired, and was forever banished from the society of all true sporting men.

It is proper here to remark that Miss Hettie, who was discharged by the over sensitive police captain on the strength of a presentation of Hettie's offering, that cost her nothing, revealed to Blake the particulars of Clifford's visit to the police; and her evidence was substantiated by the record of her arrest, at the station house, which was exhibited to the referee by an obliging official, who was "in" with the boys.

The reader can imagine the scene that followed on the decision of the referee being made known to the friends of Moreton; suffice it for us to state, everybody was on the loose, and money flew about as if there was tons of it in store, "and more, too."

When the bar was pretty well cleared of the gay throng, Blake retired to a distant part of the room, to hold a few minutes conversation with Clerkson.

Seating themselves at a small table, Blake said:—

"There is only one thing now that I care to see turn up."

"What's that?" queried Frank, calling to Mike to tote along some cigars.

"That ticket Moreton lost at the course a few weeks ago—you remember?"

"That'll turn up sooner than you expect," replied Frank, lighting his smoker; "I'll bet a hat on it," he added.

"Why, do you know anything of it?" enquired a voice at Frank's back.

"Slightually," answered Frank, without turning to see the speaker.

"That is fortunate," the speaker rejoined. "How do you do, Mr. Blake?"

"How are you, Dalton?"

"Dalton!" exclaimed Clerkson, jumping from his seat.

"Yes—Mr. Dalton, of Boston, my friend," said Blake, introducing that gentleman to Frank. "Join us," added Mark, and Dalton seated himself with the two chums.

"Mr. Dalton," said Frank, addressing that individual in a familiar way, "I think I have got a pleasant surprise for you," and Frank exposed the wallet he procured from Andy Black to his view.

"This is indeed an agreeable surprise," returned Dalton, taking the article from Frank. "I lost this in a fight with two ruffians the other night. How did you come by it—how did you know it was mine?"

"Oh! I can read writing, can't I? There's your name written in it."

"Yes, that's a fact," remarked Dalton, looking over the contents carefully. "And, by Jove, here's the lottery ticket I prized so much."

"Let me see!" exclaimed Blake; "3860! Why, that is the property of Jack Moreton. Give it to me."

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Blake, but I possess a better right to hold it," and he whispered in Mark's ear something that caused him to turn pale.

"Can it be possible that—" gasped Mark, looking at the man as if struck "dead," according at Clerkson's way of expressing amazement.

"Breathe it not here—keep the information as a secret until I order otherwise."

Frank was perplexed at the two men "singing dumb" to him, and treated them both with a look of anxious enquiry.

"Can't I be counted in?" he asked, appearing offended at their want of confidence in him. "What's up now?"

Dalton exchanged a glance with Blake, who signified by a wink that the secret would be safe with Frank; whereupon the information was imparted to the greedy ears of the fireman.

"What!" he shouted, springing from his seat. "Say that again."

Mr. Dalton motioned for him to be silent, but Frank was too impulsive to be checked. "Say that again. Jack Moreton's—"

"Heavens, sir, do not go out of your head. It is as I say."

"Say, Moreton!" Jack was at the door end of the bar-room chatting with Big Mike. "Here!"

"You are not going to tell him of it!" demanded Blake, "contrary to Mr. Dalton's wish?"

"Nary time. Here, Jack, have a drink with us."

When the drinks were prepared, Frank gave a toast that was understood by all but Jack, who even failed to give it more than a passing notice. "Well, friends," said Frank, "here's that when either of us get rich, none of us will want."

"An', faith, if you do," put in Mike, who prepared the drinks, "there'll be but little left, I'm thinkin'." They all laughed at his sally, when he added, as a shot at Frank:—"If I was givin' a toast like that, it's not sittin' down I'd be, as if I hadn't the divil a fut undther me."

"You'd lie down to it," retorted Frank.

"Faith, an' you lie when you say so, Frank."

"What?"

"Get mad now," quickly replied Mike, taking up the glasses, "an' laugh at yourself aftherwards." Letting him go, Frank, at the request of Blake, narrated how he became the possessor of the ticket, to the astonishment of his listeners.

Moreton was delighted at the account of the street fight, and at the suggestion of Blake, allowed Mr. Dalton to retain the lottery ticket in his custody until the day of the drawing.

* * * * * * * * *

According to arrangements, our heroes, one and all, with the exception of Moreton, visited the Cabet Institute, in Mercer street. Mr. Dalton did not remain long, as other business called him away, and merely gave caution to the boys to look sharp for themselves.

As the three friends were ushered into the grand parlor, they separated intentionally to avoid appearances, Frank being very attentive to a bedaubed beauty, whose fascinations had about as much effect on his feelings as if he was made of adamantine.

"Say, my perfumed peacock!" said Frank, hailing a belle whose oblique occulars were fastened on him continually, as he imagined, "ain't I a pooty boy?"

"Yes," the girl said, "so is a hog."

"Everything looks hoggish to squint eyes."

"You're a loafer."

"There's no use in saying what *you* are," and Frank goggled his eyes in mockery of the girl's occular malformation. Though rough in his manner of speech, the fireman was possessed of kind feelings, and this *morceau* of raillery at the nymph's degradation, conjoint with his pantomimic allusion to the defect of her eyes, were but in jest, albeit the girl seemed deeply and sorely offended.

"You dirty, red shirt fireman," the girl exclaimed, doubling up her fists, in a rage, "if I wasn't a woman, I'd break your jaw. If my Fred was home, he'd make you dance on nothing, in no time."

"Get out!" ejaculated Frank, "he wouldn't make a pan-fish for me."

"He'd stave your head in," and the "parlor lady" walked away, as Charley Fox would say, "making snoots" at the honest, but blunt spoken fireman, to the amusement of the lookers on. Frank would have retorted, but his attention was engaged by Jim, who signalized him to look sharp.

During the scene between Frank and the Magdalen, Blake was conversing with the Madame. Said he, with much impressiveness, "You can't deny that Miss Salome was dragged to this house by Clifford, or some of his satellites, and we three are here to commence a search for her, and if we detect any evidence of her being here, woe unto you and your crib, that's all."

Madame denied, persistingly, the charge, but her denials were of no use; she could not stave off the search. Blake signed to Jim to approach him. "Go," said he, "and search every room in the building. I'll remain with Cabet, while Frank guards the street door."

Obeying his injunctions, Jim winged his way up stairs, by rapid flight, searching every apartment on his way, but he discovered no traces of the presence of Salome. Reaching the third or top floor, he espied the door leading to the "Silver Chamber," and as he was about to take hold of the lock knob, he was pounced upon by a gigantic black—one of the fiends introduced before—from behind, who followed him up the stairway. A struggle ensued. The darkey was muscular and giant enough to cope with any living man, but being ignorant of how to employ his strength to an advantage with such a man as Sullivan, his hold upon the pugilist was but momentary. Slipping from the negro's hand like an eel, Jim got the fellow's head into chancery, and exercising his mawley on his ebony mug, he finished the struggle by a cross-buttock, and when the sable son of Afric opened his eyes again, he discovered himself at the bottom of the stairs, with a slight touch of headache. When the "moke" struck on the landing, Blake, hearing the fall, deserted his post; and Madame, being free to act, quickly removed one end of a sofa, and reaching her hand to the metre that was set in the wall, turned off the gas instantaneously, and in a moment all was as dark as Erebus.

Hearing the tramp of hurrying feet in the passage-way, Frank anticipated treachery of some kind, and shifting his position, he was not an instant too soon, as he heard the dull thug of a knife strike the door he was guarding. Springing forward in the direction of the sound, he grasped by the neck a woman, and squeezed hard with both hands, until the wretched creature sank lifeless at his feet. Meantime, Mark was groping his way up stairs to seek Jim.

Not meeting with Sullivan, Mark halloed his name several times, but received no answer; and listening for a moment, his ears detected the sounds of a scuffle coming from the floor above. Making his way up, a window at the rear of the passage-way admitted sufficient light to reveal to him what was going on. With a yell of madness, he sprang forward to save Sullivan from an impending fate of a terrible nature; but he was too late, and confronting the black devil that Jim avalanched down stairs, he buried a knife deep into his foul heart, and with an oath, kicked the body as it fell to the floor. Running to the open window, he looked below, but could behold nothing, and calling aloud to Jim, no response was made, and fearing that Sullivan was killed, he ran madly down the stairs.

Breaking the news to Frank, a light suddenly flashed through a door leading to the basement.

"Some one has fired the place!" exclaimed Frank, bolting down the stairs in time to detect Madame Cabet applying a lighted candle to a window curtain. Seeing the game was up, she attempted to escape to the yard, but Clerkson fastened on her with a grip that made the wretch fairly cry with pain. Blake, following on the heels of Frank, instantly tore down the curtain, and with his feet extinguished the flame.

"You she-devil," said Frank, addressing the woman who attempted to "nail" him, "you are caught in an act that will send you higher'n a balloon, sure."

The guilty woman struggled with all her strength to extricate herself from the fireman's grasp, but she might as well have struggled against a hangman's noose entwining her neck, so firm was the clutch of Clerkson.

"Come along with me," he added; "bring the glimmer along, Mark; this old bag of feathers has had some devilish motive in startin' a blaze here. Now, don't scratch, my jail chicken—'twon't do you any good," and he bundled her up stairs.

By the aid of the candle, Mark discovered the metre, and relighting the gas, Frank proceeded to bind Madame's arms with her apron, as a temporary means of securing her.

At the door of the hall a girl was found, apparently lifeless. It was Frank's would-be assassin, the "beauty in goggles," as he dubbed her. Calling in the police, Madame was removed from the premises, and in less than twenty minutes she discovered herself an inmate of a cell in the station house, with Frank's beauty as the next door neighbor, the former to await a charge of arson.

Examining the premises, Frank accompanied the police up stairs, and as they entered the "silver chamber," a sight was presented to view that caused them to shrink back in horror.

A beautiful female, naked, lay before them, bound hands and feet to the infernal contrivance already described, and a dagger buried deep in her bosom.

Frank was the first to recover from the shock of such a spectacle, and prompted by a sense of delicacy, covered the fair form with his coat. Life was not extinct, and at the suggestion of one of the officers present, the weapon was allowed to remain in the wound it had made, until a surgeon could be called in, who, when he examined the patient, pronounced death inevitable, should the instrument be withdrawn or allowed to remain, as a hemorrhage would ensue in the former case, and mortification in the latter, and as science had its limits, like everything else, he could not save the vital spark.

Frank, who considered there might exist a chance of saving the girl's life, said: "Science is one thing, and Nature is another."

"Yes," replied the surgeon.

"Well, if science can't save this 'ere girl, science should assist Nature. Now, Nature can't do anything with that 'ere thing stickin' into the woman."

"Exactly so," returned the medical disciple, "but if we extract the knife, a bleeding internally will follow, and retard or check the healing functions of Nature."

"Just so," responded the fireman, determined to force his peculiar ideas on the subject. "If science says that to draw that dagger is death, and Nature says she'll try and heal up the wound' if science assists, I don't see how you could lend a hand better than to draw the steel; it's death sure, certain, if science allows it to stick there."

The surgeon smiled at Frank's odd reasoning, and acceepting the proposition, extricated the weapon, the point of which was followed by a gush of the crimson elixir of life, which, giving an impulse to suspended animation, the wounded creature emitted a painful sigh, and opening her eyes, but momentarily, went off into a swoon. The wound was not mortal. Under the direction of the surgeon, the unknown woman was conveyed to a bed in another apartment, and properly cared for.

"This is a damnable place," remarked one of the officers to Frank, as they stood in the mirrored chamber.

"Yes," drawled out Frank. "Let's smash things," and he shattered one of the costly mirrors by a kick—he wore heavy fire boots.

"Don't do that," interposed the policeman.

"Hey?" cried Frank, driving his boots through another mirror.

"This must not be," put in the officer. "This costly ware can be put to a better use."

"How so?"

"The sheriff will seize them, and allow something to the poor girl we found here."

"Yes, let the sherin get his paws on things 'round here, and that gal won't get enough to get a corporation coffin with." This fling at the sheriff's "perquisites" only produced a laugh, and they all retired to the grand parlor.

Upon entering that apartment, Frank was astonished to see Mark Blake and a policeman standing at a sofa, upon which rested the body of Sullivan. On another sofa was the body of a young man, stretched full length, with death printed on his cheeks.

"How's this?" inquired Frank; "Jim's not dead, is he?"

"No," returned Mark, "but I fear he's next door to it," and he pointed towards the dead body.

"How did it occur?" inquired one of the police.

"I don't know, exactly," replied Mark. "I only know that Jim was tumbled out of the third story window by an infernal nigger, and I knifed him—probably you found his body up stairs?"

One of the officers replied that they did not, and leaving the room, ascended the stairs to look after it.

We must now look after Sullivan. Finding himself suddenly enveloped in darkness, after he tumbled the "moke" down the stairs, his first thought of action was to retrace his path down, but hearing a scream, as if from a female in distress, he proceeded in the direction of the sound, which led him to the door of the "silver chamber." Finding it locked, he began to fumble in his pockets for a bunch of keys, and kicking the bottom of the door as he inserted the key, the door flew open, when he was confronted by a man, whom he collared. In a moment, Jim found himself engaged in "feats of strength" with a man equal to himself. Who the individual was, he could not conjecture; but as they struggled for the mastery in the darkness, he knew him to be a man of great prowess. Sullivan was an expert wrestler, and prided himself in his skill in administering the "crook," and in several attempts to fasten this peculiar hold upon his opponent, he was foiled by the cunning and dexterity of "shift about" displayed by the unknown antagonist, who preserved a strong grip upon the person of Jim. After a few "hitches" and "holds," they passed out to the hallway, and not until Jim had backed his man up to the window, did he essay the thorough knowledge of wrestling that Sullivan was famous for. Neither man ventured to strike a blow or exchange a word. Holding his antagonist, by sheer strenth, at arm's length, Jim changed his tactics, and with a rapid change-grip, from collar to sides, with a sudden jerk he brought his man forward, whose back was facing the open window, and stepping back, letting free his hands, braced his body, and sending out his left, caught his opponent fair on the head, in the region of the eyes; his heels striking the wooden casing at the bottom of the wall, he lost his equilibrium, and before Jim could save the man, he tumbled headlong through the window to the yard below. This event transpired in a shorter period of time than it takes us to record it. Going to the window to look after the fallen man, Sullivan felt his heels elevated above his head. Some one within the hall was precipitating him from the window, and the blood coursed through his veins at zero chilliness. It was impossible to save himself, as he could not employ his strength in the position he was placed, and up, up went his heels, until his brain reeled with terror. The fate before him was awful to contemplate, and as his hands became weak in their hold upon the stone sill of the window, consciousness almost deserted him. Slowly his fingers relaxed their grip upon the stone, which they almost indented, and the pugilist of many battles felt himself, as he judged, being launched into the great expanse of eternity.

Down, down he went, he knew not where, as all was dark and black before him. Indeed, 'twas *black* behind him, for he was ejected from the window by the "mahogany chap" whom he hurled but a few moments before down the stairway. After seeing him off on his journey, the black fiend chuckled to himself, and turning away to make his escape from the house, by means of a secret panel, he met the knife of Blake, who dispatched him, as before related.

When Jim returned to consciousness, he found himself in the old City Hospital, whither he had been conveyed by the police at Blake's suggestion, instead of being an inhabitant of spirit land; but he never could render a succinct or accurate account of his miraculous escape from instant death.

Viewing the premises in the rear, it would take no great philosophical brain to conceive the means that interposed between the pugilist and death.

Added to the main building, to the right, was a super-construction, that jutted out into the yard. The roof of this outhouse was at an elevation of twenty feet from the ground, and consequently, more than one-half the distance up towards the window from which Sullivan was hurled. The roof was slanting, with its declivity fronting the left side of the yard, and the gutter, or catch-water pipe, that stretched along its shingled base, lay almost in a line direct with the centre of the window above. In the fall, Jim's body came in contact with the pipe, which was of zinc, a very pliable metal, and, partly yielding, softened the concussion that otherwise would have taken place, whereby he experienced little or no damage, as he subsequently affirmed, having derived no sense of injury until the after fall from the out-house. Sullivan's predecessor in the "fall trade" was not so fortunate in the "little arrangement" of encountering a "friendly interposition," such as a zinc pipe, to turn aside the stroke of death, but, as Clerkson remarked, when he heard the story, 'his time arrove, an' he slid."—To be continued.

AN EAST SIDE THEATRE.

BY "ARAB."

The Theatre. What recollections does the name conjure up! Recollections of some of the brightest lights that ever adorned our stage—Hamblin, Booth, Uncle John Scott, and all the others that played within its time-honored walls. Alas! many of them now sleep the sleep that knows no waking, and their places are but unworthily filled at present.

As we propose to visit every part of the house, let us begin at the bottom and work our way up. Here we are, then, in the pit—"The Newsboys' Paradise." These enthusiastic patrons of the drama will often go without dinner and supper in order to save a shilling with which to buy a pit ticket. The pit audience is usually made up of boys from the ages of seven to eighteen years, with a slight sprinkling of men. An artist would take much interest in studying the variety of costumes worn by these boys. There is an argument going on, a short distance from us, between two promising specimens of Young America. One has one boot and one shoe on, and the other has a small sized flag of truce floating proudly behind him. The subject under discussion is, the respective merits of Edwin Forrest and J. H. Allen, as tragedians. The young gentleman with the boot and shoe is Allen's champion, while the flag of truce aristocrat does battle in behalf of Forrest. These are no oyster-house critics; their minds are not prejudiced on either side by reason of their having partaken of champagne suppers. No; they give their opinions honestly and candidly, and if their language is not elegant, it, at least, has the merit of being very forcible. The dispute waxes louder and louder, and the disputants are carried away by ther subject. At last Allen's champion, reduced almost to despair, rouses himself, and makes one last grand effort.

"Forrest may be a good actor, but he can't *begin* to play 'The Gunmaker of Moscow' like Allen."

Forrest's man is evidently staggered—he passes his hand through his hair several times, seemingly in search of an idea—or something else—but yet he speaks not. At this point of the discourse, another youth, with a hat that apparently belonged to his grandfather, and whose hands are "many a time and oft" employed on exploring expeditions over his cuticle, chimes in with the remark, that

"Eddy is a d—d sight better than either Forrest or Allen."

Now, Forrest's man having recovered from his former defeat, mutters something about Allen playing "Hamlet" at Pittsburgh. (He reads the CLIPPER.)

This adds fresh fuel to the flame. The debaters again resume their war of words. A resort to blows seems certain, and a triangular fight—a la Peter Simple—inevitable. At this juncture a boy in front cries out—

"Here comes 'Jack;'" and a new personage appears upon the scene, at whose approach every voice is hushed. The "Autocrat of the Pit." No monarch ever exercised more absolute power than does Jack. Tall and herculean in form, few of the frequenters of this locality care to face him when he is in anger. The boys, sometimes, when wearied with the toils and troubles of the day, extend themselves along the benches, and try to woo

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer."

At such times, Jack, with quiet, noiseless step, steals behind the sleeper, and gently raising his coat tails, deals him a gentle love tap with his rattan, and as the sleeper starts up suddenly with a sharp cry of pain, Jack allows a sarcastic smile to illume his sombre visage but for a single instant, and playfully remarking—

"You felt that, did you," stalks off in triumph.

The lights flash up, and the orchestra take their places. They are welcomed with a yell; yet it seems but the ghost of the yell that used to welcome them in former times. At last the curtain rises, and the boys greet the entrance of their favorites with various degrees of pleasure. At present the heavy villain of the establishment bears off the palm in noisy welcome. The curtain falls on the first act, and there is a general rush to the Pit Bar for refreshments. Beer is the usual drink, and pigs' feet the edibles most called for. Peanuts were once in great demand, but now they are apparently at a discount. Perhaps their popularity declined with the accession of the new generation of Pit boys. As we leave the Pit, we find a man standing at the door ready to pounce on one of his offspring who has visited the theatre against his wishes. Some one is likely to feel mingled pain and pleasure on this occasion. As soon as we regain the sidewalk, we are surrounded by a crowd of boys, whose attire is in various stages of dilapidation, and whose constant cry is—

"Give us a check, mister?"

Suddenly the crowd scatter, and the irrepressible Jack appears, while his blows fall thick and fast upon the culprits, who, as soon as they reach a safe distance, make divers remarks derogatory to the personal appearance and character of the said Jack, all of which are received by that august individual with silent contempt. We enter the first tier, and there we find a very mixed audience: working girls and their beaux predominate. One of the powers that be, with light overcoat and glazed cap, perched on one side of his head, and swinging a little cane, patrols the passage at the back of the seats incessantly, big with the importance of his mighty trust.

It will be remarked that the girls often sit very close to the men, and that the latter, in many cases, have their arms around the girls' waists. Perhaps they place them there so that if the females should become excited by the acting, they may be enabled to hold them in their places. Here is a party of six—"three pairs." Two couples are sitting close together, in the manner we have before described; and of the third, the man is seemingly "oblivious." He is lying on the seat, asleep, with his head pillowed on the girl's lap; one leg is thrown over the back of the seat, and by reason of his uneasy motions, he is in imminent danger of falling to the floor every instant.

Leaving the first, we ascend a flight of stairs and find ourselves in the second tier. Here the audience is mostly sailors. When a nautical drama is being performed, the criticisms upon the manner in which the principal character is portrayed, are not always very complimentary to the actor sustaining it.

Again we go up. We are now in the third tier. As we reach the top of the stairs, we find a woman and a man in close conversation. The woman's attire and bearing proclaim what she is. The man is said to be a detective. Perhaps the woman is betraying her lover to him, for her brows are knit, and frequently a curse breaks from her lips. We go into the tier, and here we find a motley gathering of old and young gamblers, muscle men, fancy men, one minister of the Gospel, and prostitutes of all ages, from the girl of fifteen, just entering on a life of dissipation, to the woman of forty, who has been on the town for the past ten years. The language that is used in this place is spicy in the extreme.

Hark! A woman's scream is heard in the bar-room, and a general rush is made to learn the cause. We remain quiet and wait. Soon the crowd return to their seats, and we inquire of a red-shirted philosopher the cause of the disturbance. Slowly he drawls forth his answer:—

"Billy's woman called him a hard name, and he mashed her in de bugle."

He seems to think beating a woman a matter of no consequence. The girl comes into the tier; one of her eyes is discolored, and almost closed. In answer to a question from one of her sisters in misery, she replies:—

"I can't blame him. I called him a hard name, and he split me."

That woman would sell the last thing she possessed in the world, perhaps even gives the hard earned wages of her sin, to support that man. Yet, when in response to his ill usage she uses the only available weapon God has given her—her tongue—she is knocked down, and beaten like a dog by him whom she would lay down her life to serve. Let us take a look into the bar-room. The walls are covered with crimson paper, and a number of cheap prints and miserable oil paintings hang upon the walls. A long bar extends along the front of the room, and at one end there is what is called an "eating bar," on which, among other "delicacies," are displayed the inevitable pigs' feet. The bar-tender has no lack of custom. A girl is leaning against one end of the bar—a man enters and commences to talk to her—a girl appears at one of the doors, and says:—

"Look out, Sallie, Jennie is going to tackle you."

"I don't care a d——n!" replies the girl at the bar.

At this moment, another girl, whose personal appearance is rather remarkable by reason of the extreme length of her nose, enters the bar-room, her eyes flashing fire. She seizes the man by the arm, and endeavors to drag him away from the girl at the bar.

"Jack, I don't want you to talk to that girl," says she.

"I'll talk to any one I d—n please, Jennie," is the polite rejoinder.

Then Sallie makes a remark reflecting rather severely upon the chastity of Jennie, and in return for her kindness, receives a blow in the face from the aforesaid Jennie. The bar-tender leaps over the bar and closes the doors, and the persons in the bar-room gather round them to witness the fight. At it they go. Hats, dresses, feathers, flowers, and every other article of female apparel possible to destroy, are torn to pieces. Very few blows are struck on either side, the principal object of each seeming to be to inflict the most damage on the other's clothing. After fighting in this manner a short time, Jennie cries out—

"Sis, when you get enough, just holler."

"I'll never holler," replies Sallie, and at it they go again, pell-mell. No blood flows, and the men, (?) getting tired of looking on, separate them, and each of the combatants is surrounded by a little crowd of sympathisers.

There is another storm brewing, and the doors are again closed, and another pair of pugilists step forth to do battle with each other. One is the girl with the black eye—the other is called "White-headed Brad" by the bystanders. Here is no tearing. The pair stand up, and give and take like men. The "fair one with the flaxen locks" is soon vanquished, and the black eyed heroine is borne off in triumph by her Billy, who has forgotten his anger in admiration of her fistic prowess.

Leaving this peaceful scene, we will go up higher yet. We

are now in the gallery—"Nigger Heaven," as some call it. The smell of this place at any time is not quite as nice as otto of roses, and on summer nights it is most decidedly unpleasant to people with delicate olfactories. This is the place from whence oft issue cries of "Hoist that rag," and various other tokens of disapprobation when that portion of the "generous public" who occupy this part of the theatre cannot command an unobstructed view of the stage. "Moke," "discounted nigger," and divers other complimentary names, fly round thick as snow flakes on a winter's day. The remarks and criticisms on the performances here are in much the same style as those in the pit. Some of the contrabands who used to visit the old Broadway, are loud in their denunciations of Manager Wheatley, because he does not give them a chance to see Ned Forrest, and reserve a portion of the third tier of Niblo's for the use of "respec'able cullud pussons." The immortal pigs' feet seem to be in as great demand in this portion of this theatre as any other. Going down the gallery stairs, about every step of which has its own particular deposit of filth, we at last reach the street, and once more breathe pure air. This is no fancy sketch. The writer has not drawn on his imagination in a single instance. To everything herein narrated, he was an eye-witness.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Q IN A CORNER, Philadelphia.—"I am a party interested in a raffle, and a difficulty has arisen in regard to a possibility that may occur; and a diversity of opinion existing between several gentlemen upon the subject, we have concluded to leave the decision to you. I have two throws (say in 100); in both throws I have made, say, 52 in each. One other person throws, and ties 52 (both of my throws). Now then, I wish to know whether I am entitled to the second throw, if the other party beats my first throw."……You are entitled to a fresh throw for each of your ties. If you threw off one of your ties, and the other gentleman, in throwing of his tie, beat your throw, you have still another chance; you can throw off your other tie.

CARD, Philadelphia.—"A, B, C, and D play at cribbage, A and B, and C and D being partners. A deals. B, C, and D having discarded, D cuts the pack; A turns up, having himself, however, through inadvertency, failed to throw out. Under these circumstances have not either, B, C, or D the right as a question of privilege, to claim a new deal if so disposed?"……Neither Hoyle nor Bohn throw any light upon such a question, but we are of opinion that, as A and D were equally culpable, and as it would be manifestly unfair for A to have the privilege of discarding under such circumstances, a new deal could be imperatively demanded; A to retain the deal, as the error did not occur through a misdeal.

J. B. WARNER, 3d R. I. A., Hilton Head, S. C.—"A, B, C, and D are playing Euchre—A and B partners against C and D; A deals, they all pass, when A picks up the trump, and says he will play it alone; C says he will play it alone against him. C makes three tricks, and I say he scores four points for the euchre, while my opponent says C is only entitled to two points. It is left with you to decide who is right."……You are wrong; the euchre only entitles C to two points. C had no right to go alone, after A had declared his intention of so doing. The player making the trump, ordering it up, or taking it up, has the privilege of going alone, and he only.

G. W. S., Philadelphia.—"Is the Kalamazoo Course, on which Flora Temple trotted a mile in 2:19¼, a mile in length, or not?"……We have been assured that the Kalamazoo track is a full mile. At the time the little mare made that extraordinary time, we suggested that the course might be a "little short at one end." We received several letters in reply, stating that the course was a full mile. Among our correspondence, was a letter from a gentleman connected with the press of Kalamazoo. Had it been discovered that the course is short, no doubt we should have heard of it long ere this. Further than this, we cannot say, never having seen the track measured.

W. J. P., AND H. P.—"W. J. P., bets H. P., five dollars that H. P., cannot claim a new deal at Euchre, under the following circumstances. Four are playing—W. J. P., deals; and deals the first two rounds of cards, singly; H. P., makes no objections until the trump is turned, and he has looked at his hand. Can he, H. P., claim a new deal?"……Under the circumstances, our opinion is, that H. P., cannot claim a new deal. He should have objected before looking at his hand, to make his claim good. The proper method to deal, is, two cards and then three, but as no objection was made to the single deal, at the time, it holds good.

ALEX G., Valleyfield, C. E.—1. At your request we credited your account at No. 33, and mailed accordingly. We are equally confident that they were sent from our office as you are that they never reached your P. O. 2. It is impossible to send them earlier than Tuesday, our publication day. 3. Have sent Dec. 13 and 20, with the present issue. We regret you should be so disappointed.

SERGEANT K., Army of the Potomac.—1. The Jack is scored whenever turned up; we have always so decided. It is one of the "perquisites" of the dealer. 2. The rules in Bluff say that where "two flushes come together, it is decided by the one having the highest cards." 3. The player on the left of the dealer has the privilege of going blind.

A. L. Z., Chilicothe, O.—"Please decide this bet:—A bets that Tom Sayers is an Irishman; B bets that he is an Englishman. Who is the winner?"……B is the winner, according to Tom Sayers' own statement, he, Sayers, being born at Pimlico, near Brighton, England.

GEORGE NEWBOLD, London, Eng.—By this mail Ed J., sends a box containing seven lithographs, and a letter through the post as to "what you will do with them."

JOE ROWE, London, Eng.—Have written you, too.

AN EXEMPT.—John Brougham was the first manager of Wallack's old theatre, in Broadway near Broome street. He was not successful as a manager, and the theatre soon passed into other hands.

J. J. D.—"Did Hammer Lane fight twice with Yankee Sullivan—if so, with what results?"……No. Hammer Lane fought Sullivan but once, on the 2nd of February, 1841, at Crookham Common, £50 a side, 19 rounds, 34 minutes.

CORPORAL, Zanesville, O.—Yes, Mace and King have fought before. Tom King's other battles were with Tommy Truckle and Young Broome, he winning both.

STANTON, Philadelphia.—George Seward ran 100 yards in 9 seconds in England. We are not aware that his time has been beaten.

CAMP GROUND, Leavenworth, Kansas.—We had a letter from your place, in type, when your communication reached us. We had previously, however, given a list of the company.

J. H. CARLE, Detroit.—See notice. We can't make head or tail of Mr. Bayless. We have written to him repeatedly, but can get no answer, so we have concluded to let him slide.

S. S., New York.—We believe the Eckford did not play a match with the Mutual in 1861; certain it is, we have it not on record. Are you not confounding the Mutual with some other club?

SPHERICAL CASE, before Fredericksburg.—Yours only received as we were getting ready for the press on Monday. Will appear in our next.

FRANK, Leesport, Pa.—The Secretary of State is Mr. Seward; of War, Mr. Stanton; of the Navy, Welles; of the Treasury, Chase; etc. Is this what you wish to know?

N. F. E.—It is a matter which can only be decided by the authorities at Washington.

E. D. B., Peekskill.—It is out of our line, and for that reason omitted.

NED NUTTING, Troy.—Nothing of the kind reached us from "Camera," so that your lengthened notice was unnecessary.

ROSCIUS, Cleveland.—Your last reached us too late to be of service as fresh news. We go to press on Monday evenings.

W. H. GRIFFIN, St. Louis.—Your letter was forwarded, on the receipt of your first note.

C. B. D., Burlington, N. J.—1. Sayers was born in England; Morrissey in Ireland, and Heenan in Troy, New York.

COW TAIL, Leesport.—Dump her on the scales, and you will soon find out her weight.

DE BUTTS, Philadelphia.—Your letter did not reach us until the 23d, Tuesday. We go to press, always, on Monday evening.

N. C., Watertown, N. Y.—We have not heard from Mr. Beyer since he left here for Europe.

SPUR.—The article is an advertisement. As you have written it, it would cost you two dollars.

J. H. H.—A letter will reach him at Columbus, Ohio. See amusements.

G. O. G., Co. I, 13th Mass., Vols.—1. We publish no pictorial this year. 2. Yes, good for six months.

E. W., Taunton.—Johnny Cosgrove is *not* dead. He was in England the last we heard of him.

WILSON, Rochester.—None on hand at present.

JACK BATH.—We have a California letter for you.

DEATHS IN THE PROFESSION.—In our theatrical record in this issue of the CLIPPER, we give a list of the deaths which have occurred in the theatrical and show profession during the year 1862, so far as they have come to our knowledge. The list includes those who have died in this country and elsewhere. Some died of natural causes, some committed suicide, while others were the victims of death by fire and flood. The actor, the actress, the circus performer, the minstrel, the magician, the dancer, the singer, all are represented in this catalogue of death's doings in the year 1862. If any names are omitted, they will be added to the list as soon as received.

THAT RAFFLE in Philadelphia, for the finest double gun in America, is postponed till January 22, 1863. See advertisement to that effect elsewhere.

I DIT IT!—Gen. Burnside has seen proper to assume the responsibility of the late disaster at Fredericksburg, and thereby takes a load off the shoulders of the administration. In return for this great favor, the President very graciously informs us that in the attack on the entrenched enemy at Fredericksburg, no error was committed. Well, it's kind in the administration to ease our minds on this point. We all imagined that a serious blunder had been committed. See how easy it is to be mistaken. Well, what next? What is the next step in the radicals' programme? Having got thus far without an error, where will their "vigorous movements" carry our army next? Come, hurry up; McClellan was dismissed for being dilatory, and we have a right to demand quick movements, now that he is out of the way.

"1863."—Here we are, upon the threshold of a new year, with a civil war upon our hands, and everything as regards the future, unsettled, and undefined. Nearly two years have we been marching on, and the end is not yet. The year just closing has been one of the most gloomy, most bloody in the history of America. May the year we are just entering upon have not a [illegible] things in store, and bring peace, unity, and prosperity to us once more.

To those tried and trusty friends who have stood by the little CLIPPER since it first saw the light, and to those who have swelled the ranks of its patrons during the year of war and desolation we have passed through, we tender our sincere and heartfelt thanks. To one and all we wish as happy a new year as the trial the republic is now undergoing will admit of. May health and prosperity attend them through the incoming year, and through many more to follow.

CHEATING AT CARDS.—A BIG TAKE.—By recent advices from India, we learn that great excitement prevailed in Bombay, on account of the discovery just made, wherein a British officer is charged with cheating another officer at cards, out of $125,000! This rather knocks our gamblers, who never get quite such a big pull as that. English soldiers in India must be quite flush when they can be cheated out of such an immense sum at cards.

GOLD AT A PREMIUM!—And no wonder, for those whole-souled Californian folk have just put $450 worth of it on a rosewood cane, and through Mr. F. Butler, presented it to Mr. Michael Phelan, our eminently worthy Billiard-in-Chief, as a mark of their admiration of him as a gentleman and a player. The presentation took place on Nov. 28, a few days prior to Mr. Phelan's departure. Capt. Semmes prolonged Mr. P's voyage home somewhat, as he should have been home to eat his Christmas dinner, and his friends were exceedingly anxious. He is here now, however, and such a welcome home as he got, was enough to give any one a new lease of life. The veteran looks well and hearty, called on us to-day (Monday), and showed us that cane, which we here approximately describe:—It is of highly polished California rosewood, the ferule being of gold, and the handle carved, also of massive gold, embossed in the richest manner. On the front of the handle are two billiard cues of ivory, crossed, fastened with a ruby, and above them two diamonds, and below two rubies, the four representing a set of billiard balls. In the centre of all, a chaplet of diamonds. The cane was manufactured by Messrs. Barrett & Sherwood, at a cost of $450, and the work in connection with it, is admirably executed.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

THE DEER'S HEAD.—JACK BATH'S house, No. 25 Houston, near Crosby street, is the stopping place of all who love "good cheer and good beer," sparkling liquors and prime Havanas. His portrait gallery has everybody worth seeing on exhibition, and Jack delights in explaining them. Fun and frolic the order, day and night.

"WE STILL LIVE."—HARRY HILL'S Saloon, on Houston street, enjoys the popular patronage to an unparalleled degree. The truth is, Harry is a capital fellow, and a most *recherche* caterer, and hence his almost unprecedented popularity. We advise all who desire to spend a social and delightful evening to visit his admirably conducted Restaurant and Saloon. 36-3m*

PRIZE FIGHT IN BOSTON.

BILLY DONNELLY AND "PUNCH" THE PRINCIPALS.

We had an item last week about Billy Donnelly's being sent for, to go on to Boston, as he thought, to fight a glove fight. Nothing loth, Billy went on, spent a few days, seeing the Athenian elephant, and generally waiting to see the gas put out before he went to roost. This was no way of getting into fix, now was it? No particular incidents transpired until Christmas Day, when a number of gents, expressing a wish to see a glove fight, made up a purse for Billy and a tight built little fellow called "Punch" to contend "mit der mittens." A room was selected, the boys got at it, one round was got through with the gloves, and then they let the cat out of the bag, for it would appear that was the plot to stall off outsiders and the authorities. The bantams fought ding dong about an hour, getting through some seventeen rounds in all, Billy having a decided advantage, until the fifteenth, when he came near "cracking his crown" from a terrific throw (this was all that "Punch" depended on for victory). He rallied, however, and after a couple more rounds "Punch" shook hands and resigned the contest. Donnelly called at our office on the 27th, two days after the fight, little or nothing the worse from the battle; he had a slight scratch on his lip—nothing further. New York thus scores another victory over Boston. We believe it is Billy's intention to go on there again and take a benefit pretty soon.

JERRY CONKLIN'S APPEAL.—There is to be a sparring exhibition for the benefit of this Fourth Ward boxer, at the Shakespeare Hotel this (Tuesday) evening, when, it is hoped the boys will rally around him strong. Jerry has been very sick lately. There's any quantity of names on the bill, (including the aristocratic Milage Cornell,) the locality is a good one, and there's no reason why it shouldn't be a rattling benefit. Jerry Conklin and the Unknown are to wind up.

SOMETHING NICE.—Mr. William Clarke, of the Gem, has just imported a number of fine twilled handkerchiefs, with Tom Sayers' portrait, and a list of his battles, and John C. Heenan's, surrounded by stars, underneath which is printed, "The Fourteenth Star of America:" that's big on John C. We believe Mr. Clarke has them on sale, and at such a reasonable price, that everybody can afford to sport one according to his or her fancy. The pair would make a nice New Year's present,

LEFT TOWN.—Young Drumgoole went on to Boston last week, for a little pleasure, but will be pretty sure to have a turn up before he comes home. If Drum would only look a little more to his own interest, he might occupy a big position in the P. R. When in proper fix, he's a hummer. Yes, yes.

THE LAZARUS AND DAILEY MATCH.—There's no barney about *this* affair, and everything goes on swimmingly. Johnny writes that after New Years he intends going into strict training, and keep right to his work till March. Joe Winrow has taken quite a notion to his pupil, likes his style, and thinks he can bring him out the prettiest specimen of what training can do that ever wore prunella. Joe's a good man to have around. Pete Dailey, too, is in good hands, full of confidence, and eager for the fray. He and Johnny are not strangers, by any means; they went to school together in the Fourth Ward, often came into collision, and took it out in punches. Now that they have arrived at the age of puberty, when they meet, somebody will get hurt, sure.

BARNEY AARON IN TOWN.—The "Star of the West" is on here for a short time to see the boys, preparatory to settling down in that "gymmynasium." Perhaps Young Barney may lend a hand at Jerry Conklin's benefit, if he has no objection. Do, young fellow.

DAN KERRIGAN HOME AT LAST.—After a very long and tempestuous voyage across the briny sea, Dan and the ship succeeded in making port a little the worse for wear. He appears healthier than ever, and the trip has done him a heap of good. We haven't yet learned whether Cosgrove is back or not. Probably we may give a long yarn about them next week.

A CARD.—Billy Donnelly wishes us to return his kindest regards and sincere thanks to Messrs. Tom Grew and Godfrey for the many acts of kindness received during his recent trip to Boston. He will always endeavor to deserve their friendship.

BILLIARDS.—Amateurs at billiards will find ten first class Phelan Tables at the corner of Twenty-ninth street and Broadway. The room is pleasant and well arranged, and is under the personal supervision of the Proprietor, THOMAS T. STONE, well known as one of the oldest and best billiard players in the country, who will be pleased to receive a visit from his friends, both old and new.
N. B.—Orders received for anything in connection with the trade. 37-4t*

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

GALLANT FIGHT

BETWEEN

PATSY REARDON AND JEM DILLON,

FOR £100 A SIDE.

From Bell's Life, Dec. 14.

We have now to record one of the most gallant and heroic battles ever fought; a battle which entitles the belligerents to be looked upon as two of the most fearless champions that ever entered the ring. The few Corinthians present were so enthusiastically delighted with the fine milling qualities displayed in this tremendous battle, that they again and again, during the progress of the contest, stated they would not have missed being present on any account.

Reardon was first introduced to the metropolitan ring by Dan Thomas (the Welshman,) and the gallant Patsy, who is of Irish parentage, made his *debut* in the Ring on Jan. 27, 1860, with Bill Smith of Brighton, for £25 a side. There were 42 rounds fought in 65 minutes, when Smith, who had not the remotest chance against his powerful opponent, was compelled to cry, "Hold, enough." After this, Reardon was matched against the gallant Jack Rooke of Birmingham, for £50 a-side. This event came off, on the home circuit, on the 1st of May, in the same year. In this game passage of arms there were 36 rounds, in 75 minutes, when hostilities had to be suspended, as the police made their unwelcome appearance. The stakes were afterwards presented to the belligerents by their backers as a reward for the gallantry they had displayed.

The next time Patsy entered the ring was with Shipp, in April, 1861, but, owing to the activity of the Welsh constabulary, the affair ultimately terminated in a draw. On the 25th of March last, came the meeting between Reardon and George King, for £50 a side, but the least said about that farcical affair the better. Patsy was next matched against Bob Travers, for £100 a side. The mill between these men took place in July last, when Reardon proved the winner. They fought on the home circuit, on Tuesday, the 15th, and Wednesday, the 16th, of the before-mentioned month. On the first day there were seven rounds fought, when the police came on the ground and caused a cessation of hostilities. On the second day there were 53 rounds, making a total of 60, when Reardon was hailed the victor, the contest (aggregate time) having lasted four hours and five minutes, the gallant Darkey, although defeated, winning for himself universal admiration for his indomitable pluck and perseverance. It will from this be seen that, previous to Tuesday, Patsy had appeared three times within the ropes, and had fought three drawn battles, and won twice. Dillon is one of Old Nat Langham's pets. His trial battle was for £10 a side, with Dooney Harris, and took place in the same ring with Mace and Travers, on Feb. 23d, 1860. There were 52 rounds, occupying 2h 10min., when Dillon was hailed the winner. On the 28th of June, in the above-mentioned year, Jem met Hill of Chelsea, for a purse of £25; and, after a gallant, hard fought battle of 1h 18min, during which there were 44 rounds, Jem was declared the victor. The third time Jem entered the ring was with Mike Cocklin, whom he defeated on the home circuit, on Tuesday, Jan. 7, for £25 a side, in 46 rounds, occupying 1h 58min. Dillon, like his brave antagonist, is of Irish parents, being what is termed an Irish Cockney.

Early in the month of July, Dillon signed articles for a match with P. Millard, for £50 a side, at 8st 9lb, but, as Millard forfeited when a fiver had been staked, Jem once more was on the look out for a customer. About this time, Reardon having settled his difference with Travers, seemed to offer a very eligible opening for Jem, an opening of which he at once availed himself. Articles were entered into at Nat Langham's, on Friday evening, August 8th, and the contest was to have come off the same day as the Championship, but the day was subsequently altered to Tuesday last. In due time the men went into active training, Reardon taking his exercise at Mr. John Garratt's, Wandsworth, and Dillon at the Boileau Arms, Hammersmith. At starting, his training was entrusted to Charley Jenkinson, who, on prior occasions, had brought several of Nat's men to the post in tip-top condition. Charley, however, was not to see the finish of the match, as the poor fellow died from an attack of bronchitis, on Monday, Oct. 13, at Mr. Bessal's, the Horse and Groom, Broadmead, Bristol. Jem, after this, neglected his work, until Jack Smith, the Regent street Pet, was requested to take him in hand, but it was then too late, and, we understand, Jack had no little trouble in getting him to his weight. In this he succeeded, but Master Jem, who wants a deal of watching, was still anything but fit, while Reardon, who is always steady to his work, was as fit as a fiddle. The combatants were confined to 10st 2lb, and on going to scale on Monday, at Bob Travers's, were only just within the mark.

At this meeting, Goss and Mace "chaunted" loudly, but could not come to terms. By the backers of the men, Messrs. Ward and Langham, the most satisfactory arrangements possible had been made, they having agreed upon an aquatic trip, and for the purpose of taking time by the forelock, had fixed upon an early start. Dillon and his friends started from the last of the London piers by ten minutes to seven o'clock, and at Greenwich, Reardon was shipped, and now away went the belligerents and their friends to the selected scene of action. When the landing had been effected, the commissary lost no time in forming the list, Patsey being the first to throw in his cap, which, however, was soon responded to by his opponent. Reardon, who won the toss for corners, had for his seconds George Crockett and Jack Hicks, while Dillon had retained Bob Travers and the eccentric Jerry Noon. The betting was 6 to 4 on Dillon, and there is no doubt a deal of money depended on the result. The inner ring was beautifully arranged, and, although there was a deal of excitement among the "opposing divisions," yet there is one circumstance that must not be forgotten, and that is, they never attempted for a moment to trespass upon the "forbidden ground," while the ring-keepers did their duty with praiseworthy zeal, the first ring, for order and regularity, being all that could be possibly desired. The receipts for inner ring tickets amounted to exactly £5. By eleven minutes to nine o'clock, the men had received the final rubbing up from their seconds, and their toilettes having been satisfactorily completed, they were conducted to the scratch.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Patsy having won the toss, had the advantage of the higher ground, and this advantage was at once discerned. Reardon stands 5ft. 7¼in., is 23 years of age, and is one of the finest made young fellows that ever entered the ring, although about the hips and thighs he is not quite so deeply set as his antagonist. Dillon stands 5ft. 5½in. and is in his 25th year, and it was apparent he was not in anything like condition. In make, Dillon is extremely powerful. His deep-set and broad, massive chest, his well-developed loins, his immense width over the hips, were all points denoting fine physical power, and had he not possessed this, he could not, laboring under the disadvantages he did, have maintained this tremendous struggle so long as he did. Both men stood well, but the advantage Patsy had in height, and the pull of the "poll" he acquired by the toss, enabled him to cover his antagonist in a marked manner. Reardon was a little more showy in his attitude, as Dillon has the habit of throwing the shoulders high up and bringing them too round. It would be simply ridiculous for us to dwell with tedious circumstantiality on the mere flourishes—as to how the men sparred, got here, got there, feinted, retreated, weaved together again, rubbed their arms and breasts as they felt the chilly effect of the morning air; or how they occasionally had their boots lightened from the paste that had got clogged in the spikes, owing to their rapid action. There were, during these movements, many attempts made to get well home, but neither man was sufficiently well to distance to do so with effect. At length, after a deal of manœuvring, they got well to range, when Dillon dashed out the left at the mark, and in doing so, brought his nob forward. Reardon was not slow to avail himself of the opening, but delivered both mawleys on the top of the cranium. The men on the instant drew out and paused, when, after again diminishing the perspective, Patsy, with the left foot, got well to the toe graft, and, with a stinging left-hander, administered on the nasal prominence, which caused Jem's nob to bound back as though the springs of the neck had been unexpectedly extended. There was on the instant a slight display of the ruby, so Reardon gained *first blood*. After shifting, changing, and taking fresh positions in all parts of the ring, they again got well to measure, when Reardon, in leading off the left, administered another heavy hit on the kisser. Dillon, on the instant, countered with the left on the right cheek. Again and again, in this long bout, they countered and broke, taking new ground, Reardon being effective with the left, while Dillon, once or twice, used his favorite right. At last they made up their minds to go to work in earnest. Patsy led with a left-hander on the mark, and then drew out. There was, however, now an impetuosity in the movements of the men that could not be mistaken. As Reardon took new ground, Dillon dashed at him, and in the most desperate manner they fought left and right to a close, Reardon getting well on the right cheek, mouth, and top of the head, Dillon doing execution on the nose, right cheek, and with the right on the left side of the pimple and body. The men in this fine rally got near the ropes, and closed, when Jem, finding he was likely to get into an awkward position, got cleverly from his man, and went down. This round lasted 31min, and the men, on being taken to their corners, were loudly cheered.

2. They came from their corners on the first call of "Time," smiling, as though they enjoyed it immensely, and when they had joined issue at the scratch, stood sparring and manœuvring as in the opening bout. At length they got well within range, when Jem led to the left, and in doing so again ducked his head in anything but artistic style. Reardon, after exchanging with his antagonist, got Jem's nob in the left arm lock; but Dillon extricated himself with much agility, and got well away. After a deal more sparring and manœuvring, in which the belligerents got in all parts of the ring, without anything effective being accomplished, they drew well together, when Reardon let fly the left at the nob, but was admirably stopped by Jem's right guard, who with the cross-point had the dial well covered. As Dillon shifted, Reardon followed and administered another of his fine, stinging left-handers on the ivories. This stirred up Jem, and in another terrific rally, in which the men's mawleys, left and right, moved like a couple of battering rams, they fought to a close, Jem, for the moment, got his antagonist's nob on the right arm grip, but, finding he could not hold, they broke. For an instant they stood at wide range, when, having pulled themselves together, they once more went rattling to it in the most determined and resolute style. Reardon, with the left, delivered a fine left-handed shot on the mouth, which left an unmistakable impression, and with the right also in telling style on the top of the knowledge box. Dillon, with the right on the nob, did effective execution, while with the left he was by no means idle. Indeed, in another brilliant rally, in which was nothing but give and take on the most fearless principle, they fought, to the admiration of all, to a close, and went to grass in a side fall.

3. Owing to the yielding nature of the soil, and the action of the belligerents, the stakes had to be slightly re-adjusted. After a little sparring Patsey delivered the left on the snuff repository. As Jem shifted position Reardon followed, when they closed on the ropes. Dillon, who had his back on the top one, was likely to get in an awkward position, but he cleverly got away. In a rally, they fought left and right with both mawleys, Reardon administering the cayenne on the mouth with the left, and on the cheek and forehead with the right. Dillon with the right doing duty on the side of the nob, while with the left, although delivered somewhat round, he was far from being ineffective. In a struggle for the fall Patsey tried the back heel, but did not succeed, although he brought his man over in an awkward manner, Jem falling on his face in the centre of the ring.

4. Dillon had a lump just over the left eye, the size of a small walnut, while there were other marks on his physiognomy which bore undeniable proof the hitting on the part of his antagonist had been of a fizzing description. Reardon was also flushed and marked about the dial. Dillon, after fointing with the left, got a stinging right-hander on the body; Reardon countered beautifully, delivering the left with such force and fine precision on the mazzard, that Jem's head went back with a wave. They now steadied themselves and again got to measure, Patsy with the left with a cross fire administering on the left peeper, Dillon delivering on the right cheek. After these compliments they again broke and took new ground. After some showy manœuvring, they altered action from slow to fast time. In the same rapid manner, and with the same dauntless resolution, they fought, Dillon with the right being very effective, planting a stinger on the left side of the pimple, while Reardon laid on in a most telling manner. The men fought right across the ropes, when Dillon, who had his back to the cords, finding he was likely to come in for the hand screw, slipped from his position, and got down. The contest had now lasted one hour and one minute.

5. The combatants had got thoroughly warmed to their work, and now the features of the battle assumed quite a different aspect. Reardon, who was first at the scratch, had no sooner been met by his opponent than he went to work in the most determined style. With the left he got home on the top of the head, and with the right administered on the left cheek with good effect. Jem was far from being inactive, for, in a rally, he fought with his antagonist like a lion, getting home the left on the front of the head, and right on the side of the left listener. Patsy had worked his antagonist, in the rally, to his own corner, when Dillon, who had unquestionably received by far the most libera share of punishment, finding he was in a dangerous angle, slipped, and went down.

6. No sooner had "Time" been called than the belligerents came with the utmost alacrity from their corners. Reardon, after getting close in, dashed out the left and right, but did not execution, as Dillon, detecting the movement, drew well from his man, and Jem, in retreating, got all round the ring. Patsy followed with rapid action. Having again paused, they steadied themselves for an instant, and then went to work in the most plucky and resolute style. The exchanges, left and right, at the head and body, were delivered with the utmost rapidity, and the most effective manner; and in this fine rally they fought here and there in all parts of the ring, until they got to the ropes, when, after some mug clippers at half arm, Reardon administered a heavy spank on the jaw, and Dillon was knocked down near his own corner.

7. Both men were bleeding from the mouth, and the appearance of their heads at once proved that in this spirited action each had put in for and received heavy damages. After a little manœuvring they got well within distance, when at it they went. Dillon doing effective service on the ribs with the right, and on the right cheek and mouth with the left, Reardon, in these exchanges, also getting on the front of his man's dial, and on the left side of the jaw with the right. Again, in another terrific rally, they fought in all parts of the ring with that stern, unyielding valor, that gained the admiration of all. There was no pause or stopping now until the bout ended by Jem being hit a tremendous left-hander in the mouth, which sent him to grass. Dillon for the second time being knocked clean off his legs. This was indeed a stinger, and the gallant Jem, as he laid on the ground, put his hand up to his mouth as though to assure himself he was not minus any of his grinders. The friends of Reardon were brimful of confidence, and so prominent a lead was he considered to have, that Mr. W. Richardson offered to lay the odds of 10 to 1, but there were no takers.

8. Dillon, on coming up, had an ugly cut on the top lip, which had been done when Reardon knocked him down in the preceding bout. Patsy, acting on the advice of his seconds, went to force the fighting, and, after some exchanges, Dillon got to the ropes. Reardon, thinking to pin his man in the arm grip got hold of the top rope for the purpose of tightening his man in, when Jem got cleverly out of the difficulty, and went down.

9. Jem came from the corner bleeding from the mouth and nose. Reardon was likewise distilling the true elixir from his snout, while both, in addition to this, had many other well-laid in tints on their dials. After pulling themselves well together in the centre of the ring, they once more went at it in the same gallant and determined style. Patsy, with the left, delivered a rasper on the right cheek, and followed up with a shot from the right. Jem's head went bobbing back, but the game fellow scorned to retreat, and fought his man in the most resolute style with both mawleys, and was very effective with his delivery with his right on the side of the knowledge box and ribs. After mutually drawing out, and taking fresh ground, they once more resumed operations. Reardon put in a fine left-handed dig at the mark, when Jem shifted and retreated with more speed than dignity. Reardon, determined to be there, followed, and having got well to range, delivered another of his stinging left-handers on the mouth, when Dillon slipped down.

10. Reardon had unquestionably had all the best of the fighting, and had a strong lead; still, there was one circumstance that could not fail to rivet attention, and that was that Dillon, at every fresh summons to renew the contest, came from his corner with the utmost alacrity, and was as strong on his pins as at the commencement. In the counter hitting, Reardon administered a fine right-hander on the left jaw, Dillon planting a stinger on the right cheek. After breaking and manœuvring in all parts of the ring, they again got to distance, and Jem delivered a right-hander on the body, again bending his nob forward as he let it go, when Patsy, with the left, administered another on the top of the cocoa-nut. One more superb rally; the combatants with the greatest rapidity and resolution fought with both mawleys here and there in all parts of the ring, until Jem, in getting from his man, went to grass, amidst loud cheers from all parts of the ring.

11. Dillon's left peeper was fast closing, and Reardon also had the same ogle in mourning. Jem, taking the initiative, led the left at the mark, when Reardon shifted position, and took fresh ground. On again getting to range, Reardon gave another stinger with the left on the right jaw, and followed up with one from the right on the body, when Dillon, in his own corner, went down.

12. Jem was unquestionably distressed in his pipes, and it was apparent he was now sorely feeling the want of condition; still, with a gameness and perseverance that was truly admirable, he came from his corner with eager willingness. In leading he got on the mouth, producing more of the carmine. The men were at this moment most improperly hampered by their seconds, when Patsy, having got free, followed his man up, and delivered a fine left-hander on the nozzle, and got well away. The combatants, on again coming together, exchanged heavily, Reardon, from superior reach, being most effective, when Dillon, in getting from his opponent, went down in the middle of the ring.

13. The men were no sooner up than Dillon popped in a rib-warmer with the right, and then closed, when Reardon, who was much the finer wrestler, threw his man a heavy back fall.

14. Dillon stopped a fine left-hander in magnificent style—indeed, he proved wonderfully quick and ready at times with the cross guard—and then, as his opponent drew out, delivered a pile-driver on the ribs with the right. The men, in their movements, were here and there in all parts of the ring, Dillon displaying great agility in the use of his pins. After some more fine stopping on the part of Jem, and heavy exchanges, the men fought in the most determined manner with both mawleys, the hitting being in favor of Reardon, until, after being all over the ring, Dillon went down.

15. Dillon, who was the first at the mark, delivered another right-hander on the ribs, Reardon returning the left full in the middle of the head. After a pause they again got to measure, when Patsy, with the left, put in a fine nob-shaker on the nose, and Jem, in getting from his man, slipped, and went down.

16. Dillon home with the left on the dial, and, as he drew out, Reardon took closer range, and delivered a heavy hit from the same mawley on the mouth. As they stood eyeing each other like game cocks, Dillon shook his right mawley at his man, as much as to warn him the auctioneer was "biding" his time. Reardon, after following his man up, and getting to close range, got home heavily left and right on the head. The men closed in Jem's corner, when, after a struggle at the ropes, they went down, Jem under in the fall.

17. Dillon home a heavy right-hander on the body, Reardon, who countered, doing execution on the dial, delivering with stinging severity. The combatants closed, Patsy tried to put on the arm lock, but Dillon broke, and got down.

18. The combatants came simultaneously from their corners. After a little sparring Dillon lunged out the left, when Reardon, finding the guard off, delivered a tile-shaker on the top of the head. After again getting to distance, Jem, with his favorite right, administered a fine rib-bender on the body, Reardon, in the counter hitting, doing execution on the head with the left. The belligerents now, in their slashing, unflinching, and determined style, fought right across the ring to the close, when both went down, Dillon under; Jem, however, when down, twisted his man over in a curious fashion, and got on his knees.

19. Dillon opened the attack by leading the left, and got on the right cheek, when, as he broke ground, Patsy followed. Jem, being too near the ropes, shifted and took fresh position, and again and again there were some heavy exchanges between the men, the hitting being decidedly in favor of Reardon, who punished his antagonist severely about the head, and also put in a right-hander on the body. Dillon, after delivering the left on the top of the breast, got from his man, and went down.

20. Reardon's lamps, although a little in mourning, were still good, while Dillon's left daylight was all but gone, and indeed the game bit of stuff was much punished about the physiognomy, although from the manner in which he came up, it was apparent that he was still strong on his pins, while Reardon, in this respect, was, from his action, as fresh as when he first en-

tered the ring. The men, having got together, went to work on the regular ding-dong principle, the hitting being of a very effective description. Dillon, while he made good use of his left on the head, also administered the right with pile-driving effect on the body; while Patsy, with his left and right at the head, seemed to go all over his man's face. The men broke, when, as Reardon shifted ground to follow his antagonist, Jem, after putting the left on the mark, went down in his own corner. There was an appeal of "foul" made by the seconds of Reardon, and the referee crossed the ring to warn Dillon that he had better not throw away a chance.

21. Heavy two-handed fighting to a close, and both down in Jem's corner.

22. Reardon, after administering the left and right heavily on the head, fought to a close, when, after a struggle for the fall, in which Reardon put on the handstop, the men went to grass, Jem being under.

23. As Jem, in delivering again, bent his nob forward, his antagonist delivered a fine left-hander. After shifting postions, and being here and there in all parts, they got well within range, and in a tremendous rally fought with marvellous rapidity and quickness in all parts of the ring, Dillon doing execution on the body and on the left side of Reardon's brain cannister, while Patsey, with both mawleys, was again and again all over his man's dial, who at length got down.

24. There was again a deal of heavy punishing hitting, in favor of Reardon, in this bout, which ended in Dillon, when at the ropes near his own corner, being, in the cross-countering, sent to grass with something like a knock down. (Two hours and seven minutes gone.)

25. The fighting was all unquestionably in favor of Reardon, yet there was something that excited the admiration of all in the manner Dillon, round after round, kept coming from his corner. Patsy, acting on the advice of his seconds, followed his man up for the purpose of forcing the fighting and thus, by carrying out the rousing system, not allowing Dillon a moment's rest. When in Jem's corner they paused, and in the counter-hitting each did fine execution; Jem again put his dangerous right on the body, and got the left on the front of the head. Reardon got the left on the jaw, mouth, and nose, and followed up with the right. As Jem drew out, Reardon, still fighting with rapidity, followed, when Jem, after receiving a severe shot on the right cheek, just below the eye, went down in the centre of the ring.

26. Reardon, after Jem opened the ball, followed his man up as he drew out, and delivered a fine right-handed ivory twister on the jaw, and then closed, Dillon being under in the fall.

27. Reardon led, but was neatly stopped, and, after taking fresh position, Jem got home a little one with the left on the head. The combatants shifted in all parts of the ring, and after countering, and breaking, and taking up fresh ground, they got well together. Jem, left and right, fought at the body, Reardon, with great effect, on the head. Dillon down.

28. Patsy administered another of his fine left-handers on the snout, which sent the gallant Jem's head bobbing back; but, on the instant, he steadied himself, and at it they went in the most fearless style. In a magnificent rally they fought with both mawleys to a close, the advantage in hitting being still all in favor of Reardon, until they closed, when in the fall, both went down at the ropes.

29. Dillon's left peeper was now quite closed. Jem got to the ropes in his own corner; Reardon followed, when, after Patsy had got home the left on the top part of the knowledge-box, Dillon went down.

30. The men, after some elaboration of points, and getting all over the ring, closed, and both in turn tried to put on the arm-screw, but did not succeed effectually, when Dillon got from his man and got down in Reardon's corner. There were, in addition to the above, nine more rounds fought in favor of Reardon, although in the 35th and 36th bouts, Dillon, to the surprise of all, gave his man two severe falls, and these revived the hopes of his friends considerably. On the termination of the 39th round (the contest having lasted two hours and 42 minutes) the police put in an appearance, and hostilities had to be at once suspended. A fresh spot was selected, but on the part of Dillon's backers there was an evident reluctance to have the battle again renewed, and they tried hard to prove it was an improper proceeding to allow the battle to be resumed. When the second ring had been formed, Reardon lost no time in stepping within the ropes, and, after some slight delay, he was met by his undaunted opponent. Jem, when he entered the ring, had his left peeper completely shut up, and was otherwise much punished. Reardon's eyes were still good, but about the left side, head, and listener, he showed the punishment he had received in a very conspicuous manner. Having gone so minutely into the rounds fought in the first ring, our readers will be able to form a thoroughly correct judgment of the merits of this tremendous passage of arms, therefore we shall not attempt to go further into details. Let it be sufficient to state that in the second ring there were seventeen more rounds fought on the same gallant and heroic principle, in which the superiority on the part of Reardon became more and more apparent; so that it was evident that, if the men were allowed to fight the battle fairly out on its merits, Dillon, despite all the heroic efforts he was making, was destined to be defeated. Indeed, towards the close, when the confusion occurred, it was apparent he could not much longer continue to face his man, for that great physical power he had for a long time displayed was fast leaving him, and the brave Jem was unquestionably giving way under the effects of this long and hard-fought contest. It was apparent the result of the contest was only a question of time. At the 53d round there was much confusion, mingled with cries of "The police are coming," and during this slight scene the ring was pulled up in Jem's corner, and Dillon taken out, although he was on the instant restored, and the referee ordered the battle to progress. In the following round Reardon delivered a slashing left-hander on the mark, and Jem went down all in a heap. There was still much confusion in Dillon's corner, and it was apparent the seconds and friends of Jem did not wish, if possible, to let their man again go to the scratch. The bobbies were now (some half-dozen strong) coming with considerable haste to the ring, so that in the last of these rounds the men were removed by their seconds with all possible haste, Dillon, so it is alleged, being the last to quit the ring, and thus in a most unsatisfactory manner terminated this gallant and hard-fought passage of arms. We have already stated that Reardon, who maintained a decided advantage, must have been the victor in a few rounds more, had the battle been allowed to proceed in the same quiet, manly, and fair manner it had done until the last few rounds. The backers of Reardon, notwithstanding the police put in their appearance, claimed the battle for their man, as they allege the ring was pulled up in Dillon's corner, for no other purpose than of causing confusion, and thus giving time for the police, who they well knew were on the track, to come up. The referee, who was much harassed by both parties, refused to give any decision on the ground, nor did Oliver attend on Wednesday, at the time appointed, at our office, for the purpose of doing so. Not until Friday did we hear from him, and then he forwarded his decision to us, which was that he could not do otherwise than award the money to Reardon, who, he considered, had won before the police came up. He, at first, wished to leave it to us to decide, and in consequence of this, our office was inundated by the friends of both men, who compelled us to listen to their versions of the transaction, and we could only get rid of them by declining to give any opinion on either side. This determination we communicated to Oliver, and then at length obtained his verdict—a verdict which, he says, he would have given on the ground, had he not been so much "jacketed" by the friends of the men. He grounds his decision, we understand, on the fact that he called on Dillon three times to come up and renew the battle, long before the police reached the ring side—that the seconds of Dillon refused to allow him—and that, in fact, he was unable to do so, and it was then he allowed Reardon to be taken away. Had he held any other opinion, he maintains he should have ordered another meeting the same day, as there was still plenty of light; but he was satisfied Dillon had lost, and thought every one was of the same opinion. In his letter to us—for we have not even now seen him—he intimates that he will never again take the unthankful office of referee. From what we have since been told, this decision is a just one, and we are only sorry that Oliver did not, at once, send it to us, and so save us much inconvenience, and others much unnecessary suspense. Oliver, it seems, told our reporter on the day, he thought Reardon was entitled to the money, though he did not give this as his definite decision, and we presume he was in hopes he would be saved the chance of offending either man by throwing the onus on us, a course he had no right to pursue, and one which could lead to nothing, as we had no power whatever in the matter.

REMARKS.

Any remarks on this mill are uncalled for; it tells its own tale. It was fought out fairly, manfully, and with good temper on both sides. There can be no doubt each man tried his very best, and, in our minds, there is no doubt that the better man on the day, was the winner. Whether Dillon, in better condition, could have reversed the verdict, is a problem we will not venture to solve. All we can do is to give each man the highest credit, and to call upon every lover of the good old sport to come forward and give a leg up to two of the bravest fellows who ever stripped, and more especially to him who has the misfortune to come off second best.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

MACE AND GOSS MATCHED.

RUMOR MATCHES

A YOUNG AMERICAN, OTHER THAN HEENAN,

AGAINST THE

BRITISH CHAMPION.

As might be expected, the late fight for the Championship of England has furnished an interesting topic of conversation to the sports. The merits and demerits of the combatants in the late battle have been fully discussed, and "who's the coming man?" to throw down the gauntlet to Mace, since King appears to have had enough of it, is the much vexed question yet to be solved. Thousand tongued rumor, has, as a matter of course, been busy, and since the canard given out and so hastily published by unreliable sheets here, that Heenan was to be the hero for a second time, it is wise not to give too ready an ear to the "old lady;" but the *Sporting Life* of Dec. 10, talks about an imported Young American standing 6 feet 2 inches—a finer specimen of the *genus homo* than the Benicia Boy—making English second rates see sights, etc., so plausibly, that we have almost a mind to let our wishes for another International fight stand god-father to our thoughts, and say it is so, any how; but our regard for truth forbids, so we must e'en put on a doubting face; remain, like Micawber, on the expectant, and get out of it by giving our contemporary's remarks, advising our readers to ponder and digest, and make up their own minds therefrom, as to the likelihood of Brittania facing Columbia in the magic circle once again:—

"Nothing fresh has transpired in connection with the recent fight for the Championship between Tom King and Jem Mace. The heroes of the late combat are at present resting upon their oars. Tom King, the Champion, was to take a benefit at Mr. Ginnett's Circus, Birmingham, on the 11th, and show the belt, then in his possession. Mace also was to take his benefit on the same evening, at the Rotunda, when all the most celebrated metropolitan and provincial "pugs" were to illustrate the "noble art." Some misapprehension seems to exist even now as to the terms upon which the belt is to be held. King has to return the belt to the stakeholder in a day or two, and should he then finally resign all claim to the title, Mace becomes at once Champion of England. In answer to numerous correspondents, we may state again that Mace will now have to defend the belt three years before it becomes his property, but he will not be allowed to hold it in his possession until he has fought another winning battle for the trophy. King's retirement will leave Mace without any tried rival in the field, but there are sundry rumors as to fresh aspirants, and it is said that *one of the West-end veterans has imported a young American, who stands 6 feet 2 inches, and who is even a finer specimen of the genus homo than the Benicia Boy. This new aspirant is, it is said, a ship-builder by trade, and, according to the prevalent report, he has made some of our English second-rate 'pugs,' who have 'put on the gloves' with him, 'see sights.'* We shall make further inquiries, and furnish more precise information in a future impression. Heenan, it seems certain, has no fighting intentions at present, but those persons most intimate with his policy insist that when the circus starring comes to a finish he will again put up his hands in actual fight, and there can be no doubt, win or lose, he would find plenty of funds."

Great anxiety is evidently manifested in the above for America to show her hand, in the person of that young Achilles, or Heenan, or somebody, and we are somewhat sorry that as yet no positive reply has been given in the affirmative. In its issue of three days later, we observe that King retires from the Championship, and that Mace, somewhat chagrined at his defeat, doubtless, is after Heenan especially, or "any man in the world," notwithstanding he is on with Goss, which should satisfy him for the time being. We again quote:—

"Up to the present time, nothing has been done in connection with a fresh fight for the Championship, and the belt therefore remains strictly in abeyance. Tom King still has the trophy in his possession, entrusted to him by the stakeholder simply as a loan, which privilege will also be extended to Mace from time to time, although each man has been given to understand that he will not be permitted to hold the belt as its acknowledged defender until victorious in a fresh fight, as matters stand at present. Jem Mace, as it will be found below, is anxious to have a fresh struggle with his late conqueror, but King has virtually retired from competition, Mace is determined not to let the grass grow under his feet, and has at last got on a match with Joe Goss, to fight for £200 a-side, at 10st 10lb, and they meet on Wednesday evening, December 17, to draw up articles and increase the amount of money already down. This match has nothing whatever to do with the Championship. Goss and his friends wished the Champion's belt to be included, but the stakeholder explained that a fight for the belt must be at "catch-weight," and that it would be unfair to compel Mace to come down to a stipulated scale. Although, therefore, the battle between Mace and Goss will be irrespective of the Championship, it will create quite as much interest as an actual contest for the belt. Goss is a "glutton," and can take any amount of punishment, added to which, he has shown fighting qualities of a most uncommon order. The encounter is already looked forward to with vast curiosity; the news that Mace was matched with a man of his own weight, and so good a one as Goss, spread rapidly through all pugilistic circles. Mr. W. F. Windham, of Felbrigg Hall, has come forward as an enthusiastic patron of Mace, and to express his approval of Jem's gallantry, has commissioned Mr. Barnes, of the Haymarket, to purchase a gold cup to present to the Champion, as a token of admiration of the pugilistic skill exhibited by him in his fights, and for his straightforward and manly conduct in private life. The cup is to be of the intrinsic value of £150. Jem Mace has written to us to state that he hopes King will not make a match with any foreigner, but will give him the first chance of retrieving his laurels. Mace is surprised that a man of such immense power and youth should so quietly resign the highest and most valuable trophy any pugilist can attain, namely—the Champion's belt. If King does not make a match, then any man in the world who may fancy him can be on for the belt of the Champion of England and any amount from £200 to £1,000 a-side. The sporting friends of Mace in Norwich and Norfolk are so satisfied with his conduct in his late fight with King, that they have resolved to show their respect to him by presenting him with a monster silver cup. The lists are open at all the Norfolk and Norwich sporting houses, and although the affair has only been started a week, a sum of £60 has already been collected."

Thus affairs stand. King wont fight again. Heenan is not in a hurry, Sayers cannot, and now for that young American. Who is he, any way? He has kept his own counsel well, for we know nought of such a star in our pugilistic firmament. In the various rumors, etc., we have the text for a long chapter on fight, but space compels us to curtail, so we remain "as you were."

JEM MACE'S BENEFIT.

HIS CHALLENGE—MATCHED WITH GOSS, ETC.

Jem Mace's benefit at the Rotunda on Dec. 11th, was a "scrouger" it appears, and all classes were well represented, and we are in possession of "all the facts," but brevity is the word. The professors of the Ring mustered in strong force, for, independent of those who set-to, were Nat Langham, Bob Travers, Job Cobley, Jerry Noon, Jemmy Welsh, Hackett, Finighty, Goss, Rooke, Madden, Harry Brunton, Harry Broome, and many others; and although the bouts did not bring out many of the great guns, still, on the whole, the sparring was excellent. Both Reardon and Dillon were present, and on being introduced by Duncan, a loud, ringing cheer greeted them. Billy Duncan, the M. C., first introduced Dove and Napper, next Wilzey and Furze, and the Brothers Hawkes, all were loudly cheered, as most of the bouts were of the "real box" description. Drewe and Harry Hawkes next appeared, and a scientific display ensued. At its close, Hawkes caught his shoulder against a post, and so much injured the arm as to require medical attendance. Mr. Harry Montague, who had previously announced that Mace would not allow the annoying plan of the "cap" going round, at once came forward, and his appeal on the behalf of Hawkes was responded to in a most liberal manner. Brookes and Micky Gannon next put on the mittens, then Costelow and Young Rourke, both pairs being applauded. Jack Hicks occasionally stopped some of the capers of Plantagenet Green, but the set-to was much applauded. The Brighton Doctor and Reece made good sport. Young Lead and Hartley, Nobby George and Dove, Stebbings and Leonard, had their admirers. A very scientific trial between Gollagher and Young Brown was cheered, the latter evidently being "no dunce."

Harry Montague then introduced Jem Mace, and it was an exciting scene, as all, from the crowded pit and stage to the very roof, greeted Mace with a burst of hearty cheering. Mr. Montague, after thanking the audience for their attendance, stated that, in consequence of the absence of Tom King, Mace would wind-up with Jack Smith, of Portsmouth. Jem Mace next addressed the audience, and his manly, earnest way, seemed to impress all present more than ever in his favor. He said he was sorry that King was not present, and, although this was not a joint benefit, he thought he might have come. He would tell them the reason why they did not take a benefit together: it was that he had defeated King and King had beaten him, at the same time stating it was by an accident alone, and he wanted to have another trial to see who was really the Champion. Had he been beaten on his merits, he should not have minded, and, however humbled he might have been, he should have hoped to have the good opinion of his friends. He could not understand why King would not face him again—he a little man, only 5ft. 8½in., getting on for thirty-three years of age; while his late opponent was only twenty-five years, and 6ft. 2½in. high. When he first received the "belt," he had made up his mind to keep it, and would not leave a stone unturned in his attempts still. Mace next said that he expected to have the belt again in a few days, and he was determined to defend it against all comers, was ready to fight any one, and should like to meet Heenan especially, or any other, at £200 up to £500 a side. As regards Goss, Mace said he challenged the world, and did not allude to him personally; however, he was willing to fight, £600 to £400, at 10st 10lb, if Goss was agreeable. All he wanted was business, and to show the world that he would maintain his position as long as he was able, he was ready to sign articles at once. Mace then, in most feeling terms, returned his grateful thanks, and his homely but honest language showed how deeply he felt the kindness he had met with. Another loud cheer again greeted him on his concluding.

Joe Goss next came forward, and a loud shout greeted him. He did not aspire to the Championship, but if Mace would come down to 10st 8lb, he would make a match for a level £200, and he (Goss) had never fought at more than 10st 5lb or 10st 6lb.

Jem Mace was surprised that Goss, a young man, should stand out for 2lb, when he, an old-'un of thirty-three, did not care about 2st. The lowest he had ever fought was 10st 10lb, and all would know that, as he got older, and the more he trained, he would get heavier.

Some other discussion took place, the result of which is that Jem is again matched.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM OLD JOE ROWE.

"THE GRAPES," London, Tuesday Evening, Dec. 9.

EDITOR CLIPPER—DEAR SIR: I have just come home from one of the best fights I ever saw in my life, between Patsey Reardon and Jem Dillon, two "Irish Cockneys," as we Britons call 'em. It took place at Rainham Ferry, and lasted two hours and thirty-nine minutes, when the police put in their ugly mugs, and we had to put, too. Not wishing to be bested by a few "blue bottles," we took to the boats, and went down the river to Long Reach, where, after fighting sixteen rounds in twenty minutes, the bobbies again showed their unwelcome "shiners," and commenced pulling up the stakes. A scene of great confusion then occurred, Reardon going to the scratch, anxious to renew the fight, but Dillon didn't come from his corner. Reardon's party are trying hard to claim the money; I don't know how it will be settled yet. I inclose a report of the fight from one of our papers. Yours truly, JOE ROWE.

P. S. Charley Lynch is at my house while I write this, and sends his kind regards.

WANTS TO RUN A RACE.—I have a novice that never ran for any money, that I will match to run a mile, for $100 a side, with any other novice that has not run for money. Man and money to be found at my house; the editor of the CLIPPER to be stakeholder. W. J. O'BRYON,
Ferry Hotel, foot of West 42d street.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 303.

CIRCUSES.

seat. The band, also, is up stairs, and the audience have a full view of the proceedings from every part of the building. The talented company engaged, includes in the equestrian department, Messrs. Kingsley (Ella Zoyara), DeMott, Delavante Brothers, Barrie, Burt, Penny, and Mrs. and Miss Nixon. W. S. Stickney is the clown, and he bids fair to follow in the footsteps of the most illustrious of his predecessors. We can fully recommend the Arena as one of the best establishments of the kind in the country.

A notice recently appeared in the CLIPPER touching the misfortune of Geo. Woodruff, and intimating that in the collection made to defray the expenses of sending Woodruff from Chicago to Philadelphia, the Messrs. Mabie, proprietors of the circus now performing in Chicago, did not take any interest. It gives us pleasure to be informed that such reflection upon those gentlemen was without foundation in truth. We have a letter before us, signed Geo. S. Cole, treasurer of Mabie's Circus, in which it is stated that Messrs. E. F. and J. Mabie gave Woodruff fifty dollars, and a ticket to Philadelphia. Mr. Cole also circulated a subscription paper among the boys, who donated liberally, making altogether, a nice little sum to cheer the sufferer on his way. The sum given by the Messrs. Mabie speaks well for the liberality of those gentlemen.

Nixon's Cremorne Circus returned to Washington from Alexandria last week, and opened at the old stand on the avenue. By the way, the Mayor of Washington has issued a peremptory order to the Chief of Police, directing that the Cremorne building be immedietely removed. This action has been taken at the instance of merchants doing business in the immediate vicinity. Where it is proposed to next erect the canvass, we do not know. Nixon has closed.

An accident occurred at Hemmings & Gardner's Amphitheatre, Philadelphia, on Dec. 23d, by which the Wallace brothers were seriously injured. They were performing a trapeze act, one suspended by his feet to the cross piece, while the other brother was held by the first. By some means, the upper one lost his hold of the beam with his feet, and both fell, and were injured, one of them quite severely. At last accounts they were better.

A complimentary benefit is to be given to Mr. Frank Whittaker, at the Amphitheatre, Philadelphia, in a few days. J. G. H. Shorey, Bob Sheppard, and Johnny Kelchner will assist, together with all the circus people.

Jas. De Mott, equestrian, has been added to the company performing at the Amphitheatre, Philadelphia.

Henry Magilton, who was so seriously injured in England some time ago, while performing the flying trapeze, is now in Philadelphia, where he resides. He is quite lively, and apparently improving; but whether he will ever be able to perform again, is a question we cannot answer, but hope for the best. After the fearful accident he met with, no one ever expected to see him alive; but by careful nursing, and the assistance of the best medical skill, he was brought around again, and returned to his home in Philadelphia.

MUSIC HALLS.

In Washington, the "Washington Varieties," late "Olympic," is receiving a large share of public patronage. "Adelphi," writing on Dec. 24, says:—"This cosey little retreat is well managed, and the company engaged embrace considerable talent, as attest the following well known names—A. M. Hernandez, J. H. Budworth, W. S. Budworth, Mons. A. Grossi, Mons. Szollosy, C. Lehman, Paul Berger, J. W. Landis, J. A. Colman, Miss Whelpley, Miss Julia Lehman, with the Moreste Brothers, and a grand *corps de ballet*. Is 't any wonder the Varieties prosper? The *ballet*, entitled, "Pacha Abdel Kazak," has been "on" every night this week, as also Budworth's adaptation of "Peter Piper Pepper Podge, and the pantomime of "Robert Macaire." The bills inform us that "fresh novelties are in preparation"......The Canterbury is closed for one week, during which period it will be thoroughly renovated and remodeled. Some much needed improvements will be made, among the number, the raising of the parquet, and the insertion of four private boxes. The company are holding forth this week at Odd Fellows' Hall, where smoking and drinking are for the time prohibited, and "front seats reserved for ladies." The company engaged here is a talented and very extensive one, and biz. is fair with them.

Gus Shaw, who was inquired for recently, is with a Wood Minstrel party in Ohio. A letter will reach him at Columbus.

Way out in Helena, Arkansas, Smith, Murphy & Freeberthyser's Concert Hall is paying well, and the performers are receiving big salaries. The Sable Harmonists are one of the features of the show. The company performing at this hall is composed of J. W. Smith, J. B. Murphy, M. Freeberthyser, E. D. Gooding, J. H. Stout, John Freeberthyser, Henry Freeberthyser, J. Cole, Chas. Sanford, G. W. Northrop, La Belle Louise, danseuse and vocalist, and M'lle. Theodora, danseuse. The 11th Indiana Regiment is stationed at Helena; they number a good many lovers of sport, and as soldiers, are veterans in the service, as the records of "Pea Ridge" and "Wilson's Creek" give evidence. The 9th Iowa and 34th Indiana were about constructing a large concert and lecture hall for the Sable Harmonists. It will be built of logs, of sufficient capacity to accommodate 1200 people. These regiments are located about three miles from the town of Helena. The rainy season had set in, and professional efforts for the time will be principally confined to "keeping dry" and "getting wet"—"heavy wet," we presume, the latter propensity being in the predominance.

Navigation having closed at Toledo, Ohio, and business, therefore, stopped for the present, the Toledo Opera House is now shut up, its proprietors, Messrs. Blake & Hays, with their company, going to Detroit, Michigan. When the river opens, in the spring, business will be resumed at the Toledo Opera House.

Miss Julia Mortimer, having recovered from her recent illness, is again performing with the Canterbury company, in Washington, D. C. Miss Agnes Sutherland is also with this troupe.

At Parker's Varieties, Alexandria, Va., the following performers were on the programme for last week:—Miss Fanny Forrest, M'lle. Frank La Folle, little Ella, Dick Parker, Frank Kerns, Mons. Sol, Willie Field, Harry Fenton, John Purcell, Prof. Edmonds, and Mons. Lemaraux.

A very amusing Irish sketch has been running at Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, the past week, arranged by Miss Kathleen O'Neil, in which Mulligan, Kitty O'Neil, and the entire company, keep the audience in a roar of laughter from beginning to end.

Mr. Wolf, late of the Continental, Philadelphia, has been released from his bonds, and opens with a company at Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 29th. Billy Chambers, is his manager, and among the people are Rosa Vollandt, Fanny Gilmore, Melinda Nagle, James Kent, Mat. Gebler, W. Wambold, and Charley Parker.

The grand spectacular drama, "Zoranda," held the boards at the Varieties, St. Louis, until Wednesday night, 24th, and then "The Yellow Dwarf" was brought out as the Christmas piece. "Zoranda" has drawn very well, and deserves to, for it has been put on the stage in the very best manner, and the leading characters have been very well represented. "The Yellow Dwarf," being well adapted to the time, should draw crowded houses during the holidays.

Miss Kathleen O'Neil, the Irish Nightingale, makes her first appearance in Washington, D. C., on Monday, 29th Dec., at the Washington Varieties. She is to receive a salary of $100 per week. After she is through there, she goes to Pittsburgh.

Galetti and Velarde, it is said, have cancelled their engagement with Mr. Fox, and an injunction was threatened. For the present, it is not likely that Galetti will dance in any of the music halls. She is now at the Holliday, Baltimore.

Mr. F. Aims is working along famously with his Continental Music Hall, Philadelphia. For the holidays he produced the pantomime of "Raoul, or the Magic Star," with new scenery, properties, costumes, effects, etc., etc. Mr. Aims has a large company under his direction at present. Mr. C. W. Parker (not Hall) continues to pack himself away in that very small box.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Star Vocalists," Brown & Co., collapsed in Hamilton, C. W., and the people there mourn their loss.

Russell's Panorama of the American War was at Port Hope last week. We hope it proved a safe port for Russell.

There is on exhibition at Rand's Hall, Troy, N. Y., Conant & Co's Polemorama of the War. It has been in town about a week, and has been visited by a large number of persons. The paintings are said to be elaborately done, and all who want to *see* the war and not fight, can see it there. The life-size picture of our Gen. McClellan, on horseback, is greeted with great enthusiasm, and only shows that though removed by politicians, he will never die in the hearts of our "bold sojer boys," and the loyal millions.

The amusement-loving people of Rochester have had a large amount of enjoyment during the past week. The week led off with the festival of the Ladies' Hospital Aid Society, who occupied Corinthian Hall two days and evenings. The festival drew out the aristocracy, and netted the handsome sum of $1,000. ......Dr. G. Q. Colton next had the Hall two evenings, with the "Laughing Gas" entertainment. On Christmas evening he had an audience of over 1,000 people......On the 26th, George Francis Train appeared upon the rostrum at Corinthian Hall, and our correspondent, "Wilson," says he made the most miserable show of the season. His talk was semi-secesh in tone. About 800 people gathered to hear him; and long before he closed, became tired of his senseless pratings; and manifested their disgust by continued hissing. He closed as half of his audience were leaving the Hall. He announced himself as a candidate for the White House, and as a self-constituted envoy to Jeff Davis to procure a dishonorable peace. Train evidently didn't take in Rochester......Saturday evening, 27th, Dr. Colton again exhibited the power of the Laughing Gas in Corinthian Hall.

The Brothers El Malhabur turned Brewster Hall, New Haven, Conn., into a "Mystic Temple of Enchantment, or Cabalistic Boudoir!" on Dec. 24th, 25th (afternoon and evening), 26th, and 27th. The New Haveners took all the "big words" on the programme as pleasantly as the gifts bestowed to the ladies by Mad. Leonie El Malhabur. "Valuable Jewelry," real silver plate, presented by the Shah (shaw!) of Persia; certificates from the highest sources, *ad lib.*

Duflock's Tour of the Holy Land is on exhibition at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y.

Train lectured on the 26th Dec., at Corinthian Hall, Rochester. Subject—"All Round the World." Go it, George Francis, while you have the chance.

Artemus Ward lectured in Chicago, Ill., on the 17th of Dec., and attracted one of the largest audiences of the season. The Chicago *Times* devotes a column and a half to a notice of the lecture. Arty next proceeded to Indiana.

The Hanlon Brothers continue to do a splendid business in South America, and we are only too glad to record the triumph of those young and extraordinary performers. By the last steamer, we have a letter from Mr. Finch, agent for the Hanlons, who gives a glowing description of the success of the boys. Here is Mr. F.'s letter:

SANTIAGO, CHILI, Nov. 17TH, 1862.

FRIEND QUEEN—I have just half an hour to write you before the mail closes. Believing you to be interested in the *Hanlon Brothers*, I willingly devote these *poor* minutes to herald a succession of triumphs achieved by them unparalleled in the theatrical history of this, or perhaps any other country. They closed on the 24th of October, at Valparaiso, to a crowded house, every available part having been secured several days before their final exhibition. At the conclusion of the evening's entertainment, the audience, with one voice, solicited a continuance of their inimitable performances for at least two weeks. With this flattering request, however, they could not comply, as they were advertised to appear here on the 26th; consequently, they were compelled to leave with heavy hearts and pockets, and opened here, as above, to a full house, since which it has been crowded. Last night was to have been their last, but a card signed by one thousand citizens appeared in Thursday's paper, asking as an especial favor, six more representations. This, to Mr. Torrence, the Empressario, was quite opportune, as he was confined to his bed with a periodical attack of rheumatism, and their departure for Lima is now postponed till the 27th. On the occasion of their benefit, many boxes were sold at a premium (there being seventy-five), some bringing as high as $20; the night's receipts being $2,246. They were also the recipients of honors never conferred upon any artists before in this great capital. At the conclusion of their first act, they were harangued by the President, from one of the stage-boxes, accompanying his speech with four elegant gold medals, bearing the motto and state arms of Chili, on the reverse the individual names of the brothers, and by whom and when presented. This flattering testimonial was entirely unexpected, as they had no intimation of their intentions. George replied, however, in a neat little impromptu speech, peculiarly appropriate to the occasion, delivered in Spanish, which was received with tumultuous approbation. They may well exclaim, in the language of an obscure military individual, "Veni, Vidi, Vici," for assuredly they have "bought golden opinions from all sorts of people." My time is up; excuse haste, and believe me your obliged and humble servant, M. L. FINCH.

The Holman Family are still in Pittsburgh, doing middling.

E. P. Weston announces a grand concert, to be given at the Academy, Philadelphia, on the 5th, by the Orpheus Musical Association.

Early this week, La Rue opens at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, with Duflocq's celebrated Tour of the Holy Land, a fine work of art, which will be on exhibition several days.

The German Mannerchor gave a promenade concert at Fellman's Hall, Rochester, on the evening of Christmas, which was largely patronized by the Germans.

Col. T. Allston Brown lost a brother by death, in one of the hospitals at Washington, on the 25th December. He was a member of one of the New York regiments.

One evening, while the Stereopticon was being exhibited in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., before commencing the entertainment the lecturer requested that the audience would not applaud with their *feet*, as the jarring of four thousand feet might derange the delicate machinery of his instrument. When the portrait of Gen. Burnside appeared, proper tribute was paid to the hero of Roanoke, Newbern, and Fort Macon, by applause within the bounds of the manager's request. As Burnside faded away, McClellan appeared, creating a perfect sensation; *feet* came down with a force that must have alarmed the manager for the safety of his instrument. The portrait of "Little Mac" created a furore in an audience that spoke unmistakably the minds of the people.

Mason Jones lectures in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Dec. 29th, on "The European Aspects of the American Rebellion."

Hood & Sheldon, with their juvenile exhibition, had a jam at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Christmas. With so many sweets in their charge, in the persons of a hundred little girls, we hope the current jams may continue until after the holidays.

Pearson's Historic Mirror of the War opened in Concert Hall, Philadelphia, Dec. 22. It will remain there four weeks.

Ralfred's Concert Company have been out now nearly three weeks. On the 22d and 25th they appeared in Worcester, Mass., and in Fitchburg on the 24th Dec.; they also performed at the latter place on the 26th, for the benefit of the soldiers. In the troupe are Ralfred, the harpist; Miss Ada May, Mrs. George M. Allen, Mr. Alfred W. Birt, and Mr. C. M. Charter. This week they will be in Feltonsville, Marlboro, Concord, and work up to Springfield, and Brattleboro, Vermont.

There are no end of Fairs, Tableaux, and Concerts being given in St. Louis, for the benefit of the poor, and also for wounded soldiers, all of which are largely attended in spite of hard times.

Miss Matilda Phillips, sister of Adelaide Phillips, makes her first appearance in public, at the Boston Music Hall, on the 2d of January, on the occasion of a concert to be given by little Teressa Careno.

Managers and others who are on the look out for a baritone and buffo vocalist, will please glance at W. Tomlin's advertisement in this issue, by which it will be seen that his antecedents are good.

Jas. E. Murdoch was billed for a reading in Washington, D. C., on the 23d, in behalf of the Pennsylvania Relief Association, "but for some reasons to the subscriber unknown," it was indefinitely postponed.

Any performer wishing to be fitted out with complete apparatus and paraphernalia for exhibitions of magic, or "Prestidigitation," as it is called nowadays, would do well to read an advertisement in this department, offering for sale the entire apparatus and fixtures used by Professor Heller, the magician. Everything is of the best quality, and will be sold a bargain. A list of some of the articles included in the lot is given in the advertisement. Another chance for securing such apparatus and fixtures may not offer again.

The Carter Zouave Troupe are represented as doing very well out west, usually doubling the time for which they had been engaged. They will soon leave, we understand, for Cuba, where they are to connect with "Carter's Curiosity Show," which was at Manzanilla at last accounts. The Zouave Sisters give a neat little performance, and we are gratified to hear of their doing well.

NEGRO MINTSRELSY.

Something new is always on the programme of Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, Boston. One of their latest comicalities is Lon Morris' song about the newspapers. It is said to be very amusing. The pantomime of the "Magic Horn" is still on.

Hooley's Minstrels continue to do a good share of business in Brooklyn. Their holiday attractions are varied and novel.

Geo. Christy gave a few performances in Brooklyn last week, and drew pretty good houses.

Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels' pantomime, brought out at their opera house in Philadelphia, last week, worked a little stiff in its mechanism, but exhibited a good deal of fun and genuine humor in the performances of the company.

A party called "Wood's Minstrels," of which Palmer & Co. are managers and proprietors, are now exhibiting in Ohio. They were last in Columbus. In the troupe are Prof. Rhineholt, Frank Berger, Billy Sweatman, Gus Shaw, Tim Woodruff, C. W. Morgan, Frank Wilson, Moses Rumney, and Master Willie.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Our foreign items must be "bunched" this week, and therefore be curtailed of their usually fair proportions......The "Peep o' Day" supers, at the Adelphi, London, presented the super-master, on the 12th Dec., a highly illuminated testimonial on vellum, in gilt frame, for the numerous favors they had received at his hands during the great run of "Peep o' Day." ......The last week of Sothern, at the Haymarket, London, was announced. Dundreary probably finished his long run on the 23d December, with his benefit......Falconer's season at the Lyceum was to close Dec. 27. Peep o' Day had reached its 344th representation......."A Southerner Just Arrived" is the title of a piece brought out at the Olympic......Miss Avonia Jones was up for a benefit at the Adelphi, on the 17th Dec......Boucicault was to open Astley's on Christmas, with the "Relief of Lucknow," and an original pantomime called "Lady Bird, or, Harlequin Lord Dundreary." The following performers are in the company:—Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault, Madame Celeste, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Sara Stevens, Miss Edith Stuart, Miss Craven; Mr. Ryder, Mr. Swinbourne, Mr. Leeson, Mr. C. Vandenhoff, Mr. Mellon, Mr. Edwin; Messrs. Montague Smythson, Huline, Sylvester, Dupre; Misses Annie Cushnie and Hayman, with a *corps de ballet*. "Boucy" offers five shillings each for the 20 best rebuses, and a half a crown each for the 20 best conumdrums. This is a new dodge for the "sensationer"......Mrs. W. H. Swanborough, wife of the manager of the Strand Theatre, London, died suddenly on the 4th Dec., at Rochester, Eng. Before her marriage to Mr. Swanborough, she was known in the profession as Miss Kate Kirby......The remains of Sheridan Knowles were deposited, on the 5th Dec., in the Egyptian vault in the Necropolis at Glasgow, for the time being......Herr Formes is with the German Opera Company in Amsterdam...... Mr. C. R. Adams, English tenor, recently arrived from South America, had been received in the principal cities of the Netherlands, with great enthusiasm......Christy's Minstrels (Wilsom's) had met with great success in Dublin......Thurton's Old Folks were concertising in the provinces......Miss Ettie Henderson, our little American actress, was at the Theatre Royal, Leicester, and the papers there speak very highly of her. She appeared as Fanchon, in the Cricket......Messrs. Fowler and Wells were lecturing in Leicester......W. Pinder, Sr., father of W. and G. Pinder, equestrian proprietors, died at Sunderland, on the 4th Dec., aged 74......Unsworth and Eugene, after a short absence, had re-appeared at Oxford Music Hall, London......Olmar, a daring gymnast, was creating a sensation at the Alhambra, London.

A STEREOSCOPE, and 12 Fancy Colored Views, complete, in a neat case, by mail, free for 50 cts. Address FRED PARSELLS & BRO., Box 2085 P. O., N. Y. City.
38-4t*

THE SUBSCRIBER, for the last fifteen years, has manufactured Steel Gaffs for the New York Pits, would say to those wanting, that he has Steel Gaffs of the best quality, of all sizes. Apply to SAMUEL SOUTHERN, 42 Scammel street, New York.
38-1t*

MEN, MANNERS, AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY OUR CABIN BOY.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER FOURTEEN.

EVERTON TAFFEE—THE MAGGOT EATER—WHERE THEY BURY THEIR DEAD.

Who's never heard of Everton Taffee? You tell me and I'll tell you. That's a fair answer to a fair question. Everybody's heard of it, to be sure; and everybody imagines he's eaten some. Not to upset all your fancy impressions, I candidly believe that one-half of the candy sold in England alone as "Everton," was never within a hundred miles of the village itself, for it's nothing but a little village, after all. If these things be so here, what must they be with you? No, sir; I wouldn't no more believe that, than that Ben Wood ain't a pat-riot-ic individual. Still, perhaps, it don't make much difference when one *thinks* it's all right. For instance, when my first experiment on inhabited cheese was made, I thought it was staving, until a friend produced a light, and exhibited myriads of little creepers, "all alive O." Then came the knawings of—not conscience, exactly, but of my stomach; it felt as though an army were marching and countermarching all over my internal machinery. Now, if the conspirator (for such he was) hadn't told me they were "maggots" (a filthy word, to say the best of it,) maybe nothing of the kind would have happened. Don't you see? Exactly, and that's why, although you have not indulged in the real Everton, if it tasted as good, it oughtn't to make a bit of difference. This famous little village, where the genuine article can only be manufactured, is just on the outskirts of the town, and a pleasant carriage drive from Clayton-Square. Nothing peculiar marks the place; yet it is as familiar as household words all over the world, just the same as Brandon is, simply because Stephen H. Aligator Branch made a pilgrimage there to find out the Ex-Chief M. P's birth place. Come back, Stephen! A large burial ground called "The Necropolis," ornaments the place the same as Greenwood Cemetery adorns the outskirts of Brooklyn. The expense of fitting up these grounds, containing 24,000 superficial square yards, cost over $40,000. About a quarter of a mile further is the Zoological Gardens, a favorite place of resort for families in the summer time, and other gardens are within easy access, for all.

THE RACE COURSE—AN ACTOR'S TOMB—COUNTY JAIL WITH A SOLILOQUY—BOOTLE BAY.

About five miles out of Liverpool, we approach the Aintree Race Course. Near by stands the Sefton Arms, a large and commodious hotel. There are accommodations for fifty-two horses, and rooms over the stalls for the use of attendants. The course is one mile and a half in length, with a gentle rise at the coming in. The turf is also very fine, and not liable to much change by either wet or dry weather. As at Epsom Downs, they have their Grand Stand at Aintree (it would hardly be recognized as a race track without that,) and several other stands, the admission to which is at a cheap rate. I've not the slightest idea what the tariff is on the Grand Stand, but it was far beyond my income to patronize at all. ("If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green—*if* I had but a thousand a year.") Molineux—not the "naygur" who fought Fifth-avenue Bill Fuller and Tom Cribb—"Lord Molineux" laid the first stone under this Grand Stand one very cold day in February, "some thirty years ago," as Cool White might observe, only he didn't that I know of. Since that period over $100,000 have been spent on this course and that Grand Stand! Pretty expensive, wasn't it, Al Conrey? "Al" ought to be a pretty good judge of such things by this time—a perfect oracle, to be more "express"-ive—and all you've got to do is to go and cross-question him to find out. There are three meetings at Aintree during the year—in March, July, and October; private matches are also run here. A steeple chase takes place annually, granted to be the leading sporting affair of the kind in the kingdom.

In Walton church yard, a couple of miles from Aintree, is the tomb of Mr. John Palmer, a celebrated actor, who, while enacting the "Stranger" in the Theatre Royal, in the year 1798, fell down lifeless on the stage, while uttering the words—"Oh, God! there is another and a better world!"

A short distance further on is the "County Jail," with bed and board (straw and mush) for fourteen hundred souls, if convicts are permitted to have souls. Good-looking reader, were you ever "sent up the river?" (It's good for me I aint within cannon shot, or I'd get rats for asking such an impertinent question.) That isn't what I meant exactly: "Were you ever in prison?" If you wasn't, I was. Hold on a bit; don't go to say you'll never read another line of mine, or do anything rash till you hear more. What would Rachel Isaacs say if she knew I'd been through Sing Sing? Or Nellie Ward? Or John McD's gentle daughter? Or Lydia Thompson? "There, that'll do—you needn't tell everybody you happen to know!" puts in some old hermit who don't know how to appreciate woman—*lovely woman*. "Get out, old Sealingwax!" To proceed, and sum up in a few words, *vide* Ex-Judge Phillips (he's one of 'em,) I will throw myself on the kind indulgence of the court and simply state that I was merely on a visit to inspect the prisons of Sing Sing, and saw quite enough to cure me of having any hankering to be there. That's all—so, gals, you need't be afraid that I'm some desperado, obliged to leave good old New York to "flee from the wrath to come." It's no such thing. 'Tis a base calumny, false as—"that's all right!"

Returning to Walton, and adopting the road facing the church before mentioned, leads to Bootle. In Bootle Bay there are two tall obeliaks, used as landmarks, erected in 1829, and about 100 ft. high. Would have climbed 'em, but they wouldn't permit it at that particular time.

GOING TO BED VERSUS GOING TO MARKET—HOW THE LADIES MANAGE—THE MARKET DESCRIBED.

In the CLIPPER of December 6, just received, is a very spicy article, headed, "How they go to bed," meaning the girls. Now, boys, I'll wager any amount from a tanner to "ten-punten," that that thing was written by a woman. Just read it over again, and think over every word, then tell me who but a feminine *could* write it. Married men don't possess enthusiasm enough to write so about their wives, and no single one could ever be such a wretch as to play "Peeping Tom," and afterwards deliberately perpetrate that document. I could forgive a woman, but if it was a man, "we, the people of Liverpool" (myself and Alex. Henderson), demand to be informed who the authoress of this subject was, and all about her—we demand it in the name of the Queen, and more too!

What I was going to say is a word or two about "How they go to market," the ladies of Liverpool—this is a deal easier for me to explain than the other: in fact, I'm perfectly innocent on that subject.* At St. John's is the principle market, we'll take that as an illustration. Nearly every morning it is perfectly astonishing to see the grand equipages and liveried servants that throng this greasy locality. I've stood for hours at the junction of Bow Street and Long Acre, watching the *elite* and *hauteur bon ton* of London go dashing along with "their chariots and horsemen thereof," during the opera season at Covent Garden Theatre, and must say, was never prepared to find a similar scene around a fish market. The first time, not knowing any difference, I asked Phil Sampson who was performing at that Opera House, and if you ever heard a man laugh, it was this man—I thought he'd burst his belly band sure, while I could almost swear that Mrs. Sampson broke her stay-laces. Yes, the codfish aristocracy of this place, all do their own marketing, and go scudding along with their silks and satins trailing in the filth and grease, with all the nonchalance of your own dear lambs who sweep Broadway with their dry goods. After "My Lady Gay Spanker" walketh "John Thomas" (not my old friend of vocal celebrity), the lackey, with his uniform and a big basket, into which is packed what the lady purchases, and it is a curiosity to see a gentleman in the market (I mean what they call "gentmen," fellows with titles, good clothes, incomes, and women that know how to spend it for them.) That's the way they do it, but there's no accounting for tastes, as the old woman said when she kissed her donkey—original.

I said something about this market before—not much though. St. John's Market was erected by the Corporation of Liverpool, at an expense of $184,065. It was commenced in August, 1822, and completed in February, 1822. The foundations, cornices, and entrances, are of stone; the walls are constructed of brick. In length it is 183 yards, in breadth, 45 yards, inclosing a covered space of nearly two acres. All the markets are closed at seven P. M., except Saturday, when they are open till 10 o'clock. In the morning they are opened at eight in winter and seven in summer; on market days (Wednesday and Saturday) at five in summer and six in winter; a bell is rung previous to closing. I guess I'll close too. Good evening!

* Don't believe a word of it. Our Cabin Boy is either getting *non compus mentis*, or else lying—under a mistake.

A CORINTHIAN AMATEUR PUGILIST LAYS OUT TWO GARROTERS.—As an instance of the advantage of knowing how to strike out from the shoulder, with nerve to back it up, we give the following communication from an English army officer and old ring patron. That man, we bet, will always be able to give any of these bloodhounds all they bargain for without any aid from the "bobbies," who are just as scarce in London, when most wanted, as they are in New York. But see what he says in the *Sporting Life* of November 15:—

"Sir—The other evening, about half past eleven o'clock, I was on my return home, when I observed two hang-dog looking fellows walking about six paces behind me. I had passed them previously, and I thought they scanned my face attentively. I crossed the street, the fog being heavy, thinking they would pursue their course, but I found they crossed also, and I saw their faces turned obliquely towards me. I began to suspect their intentions, and walked up to a door and pretended to knock, when I observed the fellows stop too, and in a minute or so walk back to where I was standing. I now made up my mind for an attack, and was determined to open the ball myself, so I boldly stepped up to them, and said: "What's your game?" They answered, "Do you live in this street?" I replied, "What's that to you?" Finding they still remained standing before me, I fancied they were waiting for more hands, so I did not parley any longer, but retreating a yard, I dashed my right straight at one of them, and whether it touched eye or nose I cannot say, but he went reeling back. I then turned to the other and landed left and right upon his face. There was no response, nor no noise, for they both took to their heels and were lost in the vapor. A single policemnn I never met for the rest of my journey, nor did a human being pass me but one man before I got to my home. What were their intentions I leave for you to judge. Had I been a weak, nervous man, I daresay I should have been half-strangled. Who will repudiate self-defence, or the noble art of boxing, after this? I remain yours, &c. ——."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CONGRATULATORY.—We congratulate ourselves and our readers that we are selected to present to the Chess world, the masterly stratagem which graces this column, and the scarcely less masterly Essay and *Critique* which accompanies it. In the former, the most skilful will assuredly find food for many an hour's reflection and delight; in the latter, the expert will recognize a well-digested and well laid down code of laws; the student, an excellent and welcome instructor in such matters—and all a specimen of sound, searching criticism. We enjoin its careful perusal, and close by requesting of our talented contributor the balance of "A PROBLEM IS NOT AN END-GAME," wherewith to ornament our column and delight our readers.

AMERICAN PROBLEMS.—Of American contributions to the World's Congress Problem Tourney, the 12th sett selected as a final (and last) competitor for the four prizes, was "Of sudden and portentous birth," by Jacob Elson and Jas. C. Warner, Philadelphia; and John Schlesinger received "honorable mention" for his sett "A PROBLEM IS NOT AN END-GAME." No other Americans are mentioned. We should be very happy to be favored with a portion of the first named sett for publication.

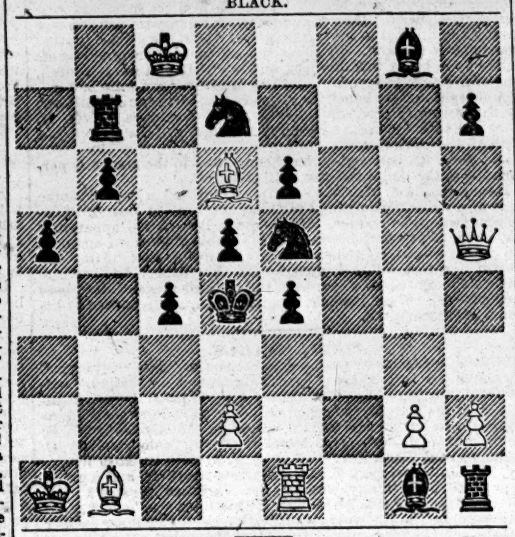
PROBLEM No. 361.

A competitor in the late World's Congress Problem Tourney.

"A PROBLEM IS NOT AN END-GAME."

BY JOHN SCHLESINGER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

AN ESSAY ON CHESS PROBLEMS.

BY JOHN SCHLESINGER.

TO THE PROBLEMISTS, AND ALL INTERESTED IN THE PROBLEM TOURNEY CONNECTED WITH THE LATE WORLD'S CONGRESS.

In the *Era* of Nov. 30th, under the heading, "Award of Prizes in the Problem Tourney," the editor remarks:—"No event in connection with the late Congress has excited so much interest amongst players throughout Europe [and why not say America, also?] as the competition for the Problem prizes. Much curiosity was naturally felt as to what nation the palm should fall to; and, particularly, as to what individuals the highest honors should be accorded—and this more especially, as some of the master minds in this branch of Chess were understood to have entered the arena."

I am confident that all problemists, and more especially those directly interested, will coincide with the above views; but if I am to judge from the Prize Problem below, by J. G. Campbell, to which the palm was accorded of being the BEST problem out of 464, it would seem to me that the Committee could not have been alive to the responsibility devolved upon them, or able to fulfil the task they had undertaken. Does the Committee intend to tell us that the Problem below is the finest one out of 464 positions, contributed by the greatest masters on the globe? and, if this be the case, does it pretend to know what constitutes a fine problem? I was always of opinion that elegance of construction, etc., was of minor importance, a secondary consideration, compared with difficulty of solution, which should be the principal requisite in a first class problem. Only few positions very elegantly constructed are difficult to solve. I think the "Indian Problem" is the only one extant combining all these qualities. Certainly there are other problems which deserve much credit both for beauty of construction and difficulty of solution: such as a 5-move position by Mr. Healey, dedicated to Mr. Morphy, and the 2d of Herr Willmer's Prize sett in the American Chess Congress Tourney:—

ENIGMA No. 361.

"STRIVE FOR HONOR."

BY HERR RUDOLPH WILLMERS.



White to play and give mate in four moves.

But such problems are very rare.

The question to be determined seems to be: which should bear the palm—a problem which has an elegant outside appearance, but solved in a short time, or a position which, though it has not all the grace of the former, yet of which it is extremely difficult to discover the solution? I should award the prize to the latter, and I think most problemists will agree with me.

Having spent much time both in composing and solving problems, I hope I shall not appear presumptuos in presenting my humble views as to

WHAT CONSTITUTES A FIRST-CLASS CHESS PROBLEM?

FIRST—That the first piece moved should not directly influence the mate; as is the case in the Indian problem, in which the Bishop, being first moved, threatens, apparently, nothing.

SECOND—That the first piece moved should not threaten to be employed directly itself, either on the next move or the one following; as is also the case in the Indian problem, in which the B does not come into play again until the mate is given. The summing up of these two requisites is, that you can never solve such a problem until you see all the moves.

THIRD—That a check should not be the first move.

FOURTH—That the defence should not be threatening a counter-check from one or more quarters; this would only make the problem easier to solve by furnishing a clue to the solution. Beginners will do well to remember this rule; all such positions are like many persons of an agreeable outside appearance, but without much depth, and devoid of interest.

FIFTH—That especially the first piece moved, and if possible the others, should be guarding (at least to all appearance) some particular square, and not be stowed away in some corner; as is again so happily illustrated in the Indian problem, in which the Bishop and Rook are preventing the King from moving, and are still employed in the mate.

SIXTH—That a problem should have more than one leading variation.

SEVENTH—That the construction should be original—at least as much so as possible.

EIGHTH—That only the pieces actually necessary to effect the mate remain when the mate is given.

NINTH—That the position should not be what is generally termed an impossible position.

TENTH—That the first move should be the most difficult to discover.

ELEVENTH—That the apparent ways of solution which do not lead to it should be numerous; this is one of the principal features of beauty in a problem.

TWELFTH—That a problem should be, to a certain degree, accurate; and, if possible, elegantly constructed.

Now let us examine how far Mr. Campbell's problem comes up to any of these requirements. By casting a glance at the diagram below, the mere tyro will observe that White cannot afford to let Black check him without taking the offending piece, for if he move his K, Black replies P to Q B 3d, and check is again threatened. Now it is evident that the Queen is the only piece that can take the R, and the practised problem solver, believing the position to have some little merit as to difficulty, would play 1..Q to K 4th. But he soon observes this is not correct, and the only remaining move is Q to K sq, not only guarding against the check, but threatening mate with the Q herself—the first piece moved: thus the solver has already discovered the first move, not by his own ingenuity, but by the generosity, and, as it were, by the kind invitation of the author—and this in a "prize-problem, the best in 464!"

White now plays 2..B to K 2d, threatening mate with Kt next move, B must take B; 3..K to Q B 6, P to K B 7 must; 4..R to K 4, a variation "as old as the hills" (vide Geo. H. Derrickson's 2-move, dedicated to "Phania," in CLIPPER PROB. TOURNEY); and 5..Kt mates. And this is the solution to a "Prize Problem," of which Herr Loewenthal says: "It is superior to the 3d and 4th setts, only in depth!"

I said before, I have spent many hours solving problems, and am certain that this is the only true method of judging them and ascertaining their true merits; and in future, when prizes are offered for problems, I should suggest:—

FIRST—That chess problemists, and not chess players, be appointed on the Committee.

SECOND—That three only, instead of six positions, form a sett.

THIRD—That when the competitions are numerous, there should be 15 (and, if necessary, 25) analyses, instead of 5.

FOURTH—That the solutions be sent to only one of the committee, and that the others should solve the problems.

Having myself solved Mr. Campbell's prize problem in twenty minutes, in presence of several members of the Paulsen Club, I propose, not with the idea that any of my positions are worthy of prizes, or that there are not plenty more worthy that honor, but merely for the sake of test, to

CHALLENGE

Mr. J. G. Campbell, or any other player in Europe or America, to solve the problem at the head of this column in forty-eight hours after it comes under his notice.

New York, Dec. 15, 1862.

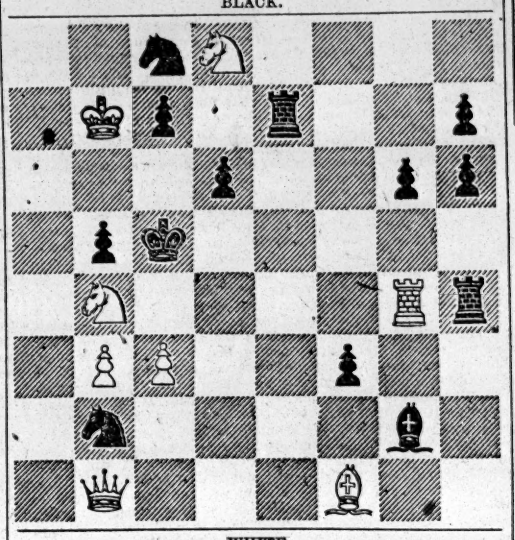
On account of giving the necessary facility of reference to the various points of the above searching *critique* from our able contributor, we cheerfully accede to his request by closing this column by repeating the

WORLD'S CONGRESS 1st PRIZE PROBLEM.

BY J. GRAHAM CAMPBELL, ESQ.

"Curriculum."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

[N.B.—After our chess column had gone to press last week, we noticed what we believed to be a correction of the above problem, and inserted it in another column. As it may possibly affect the above criticisms somewhat, we have thought it best, in the absence of our chess editor, to republish it here.—ED. CLIP.]

MR. EDITOR—Sir: I am sorry to find that in my Problem No. 3, which appears in last impression of *The Era*, there is a White P omitted on White's Q B 2d. Please to rectify this serious error, and oblige your obedient servant, J. G. CAMPBELL.

A remarkably well conducted Defence by Herr Anderssen *vs.* Geo. Medley, during the former's late visit to London.—*Bell's Life.*

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Medley.	Anderssen.	Medley.	Anderssen.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	16. Kt × K B	K R–Kt sq
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	17. K R–B 2	P–K Kt 6
3..P–Q 4	K P × P	18..R P × P	Q × Kt P +
4..K B–B 4	K B–B 4	19..K–his B sq	R P × Kt
5..Castles	P–Q 3	20..K–his 2	P–Q 4 (*e*)
6..P–Q B 3	Q B–Kt 5	21..Q–her 3	Castles, Q R
7..Q–her Kt 3	Q B × Kt	22..P–K 5	Kt–K R 4
8..Kt P × B	Q Kt–K 4	23..Q B–Q 2	Q–K R 6
9..P–K B 4	Q Kt × B	24..P–K B 9	Kt–Kt 6 +
10..Q × Q Kt	Q–K R 5	25..K–Q sq	K Kt–K 5
11..B P × P	Kt–K B 3	26..K R–B sq	K R–Kt 7
12..P–K B 3	B–Q Kt 3	27..Q B–K 3	K R × P
13..Kt–Q B 3	P–K R 3	28. K–Q B sq	K R–his 7
14..Kt–Q R 4	P–K Kt 4	29..P–Q R 4	R–K Kt sq
15..P–K B 5	P–K Kt 5	30..B 1st P × Kt	Q P × P, and

Herr Anderssen wins.

(*e*) The conduct of all this Defence is truly charming, and every move is a fund of instruction.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LOOKER ON.—It's O. K. this time, eh?

C. M. WILDER, Peterboro', N. H.—Your Position this week completes the batch.

EXPRESS.—Mr. DeCon desires us to inform you that he committed some blunders in recording that game: (23d Game, Vol. X,) not errors, but blunders; so he writes. In reply to your query, "How 32 to 27 draws," he replies thus: "I acknowledge my inability to tell him, because it was a mere slip of the pen, &c. I now assert that 32 to 27 loses, thus:

8..			If 32	27
9..10	15		10	10
10..16	19		23	16
11..14	32, and wins.			

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G. M. B.		White—Acceptance.	
3.. 8	11	29	25
4.. 4	8	24	20
5..12	16	25	22

GAME No. 39—VOL. X.

LAIRD AND LADY.

The third in the set-to between the two Dons, for the honor, and the lager.

Communicated by "A Looker-on."

Black, Mr. A.		White, Mr. B.		Black, Mr. A.		White, Mr. B.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	17.. 5	to 9	30	to 26
2.. 8	11	22	17	18.. 9	14	26	23
3.. 9	13	17	14	19..14	17	22	14
4..10	17	19	10	20..17	26	14	9
5.. 7	14	25	22	21..26	30	25	21
6.. 4	8	27	23	22..30	26	9	6
7.. 6	9(*a*)	29	25	23..26	22	6	2
8..11	15	31	27	24..22	18	2	7 (*e*)
9.. 8	11	23	19	25..12	16	19	12
10.. 2	6	19	10	26..15	19	25	15
11.. 6	15	27	23	27..18	2	27	24
12..14	18(*b*)	23	14	28.. 2	7	12	8
13.. 9	18	21	14	29.. 7	14	8	4
14..11	16	14	10(*c*)	30..14	10	24	19
15..16	19	32	27	31..10	7	10	15
16..19	23(*d*)	26	19	32.. 1	6, and wins.		

Notes, by "A Looker On."

(*a*) Same as previous game up to this point. In the next move, B improves somewhat on his opponent's 31 to 27.

(*b*) A weak device; ought to lose; 11 to 16 better.

(*c*) Declines the practical for the pretty; 24 to 19 would have won.

(*d*) The facility with which he gets into a tight place is fully equalled by that displayed in getting out of it.

(*e*) Didn't see the "snake." 10 to 6 would have drawn.

GAME No. 40.—Vol. X.

Played recently in Scotland.

COMMUNICATED BY EXPRESS.

SECOND DOUBLE CORNER.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	24	to 19	20..14	to 17	21	to 14
2..15	24	27	20	21..30	25	28	24
3..10	15	28	24	22..21	17	24	19
4.. 8	11	23	19	23..17	22	20	16
5.. 9	14	19	10	24..22	18	16	11
6.. 6	15	26	23	25..18	9	11	4
7.. 4	8	23	19	26.. 9	6	4	8
8..15	18	22	15	27.. 6	2	8	11
9..11	18	19	15	28..13	17	31	27
10.. 7	11	24	19	29..17	22	27	24
11.. 5	9	30	26	30..22	26	11	16
12.. 2	7	26	22	31..26	31	15	11
13..18	23	32	28	32..31	27	16	20
14..11	18	22	15	33..27	31	19	15
15.. 7	11	15	10	34..31	26	24	19
16.. 9	13	25	22	35..26	22	20	16
17..23	26	29	25	36..22	18	16	20
18..26	30	19	15	37..18(*a*)	14,		
19..11	18	22	15	and Black wins.			

(*a*) Different from any game in the books.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 38—Vol. X.

BY J. E. FOX.

White.		Black.	
1..30	to 26	21	to 30
2.. 1	6	30	23
3..22	17	13	22
4..14	9	5	14
5..24	19	15	24
6.. 6	9	8	15
7.. 9	25 and wins.		

SOLUTION

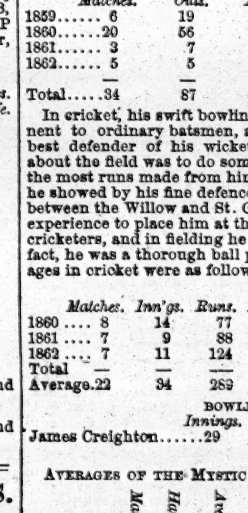
OF H. L.'S "CORRECTED POSITION."

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1.. 9	16	10	17	6..16	30	20	24
2..16	11	1	10	7..32	28	24	27
3.. 3	8	10	3	8..30	26	22	31
4..11	7	4	11	9..28	32,		
5..12	16	3	10		and wins.		

POSITION No. 39—Vol. X.

BY C. M. WILDER.

BLACK.



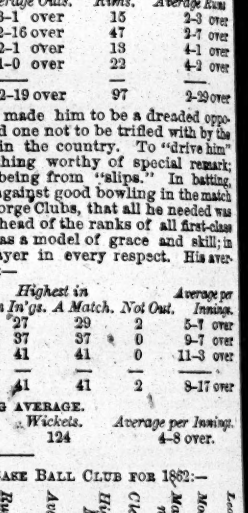
WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 103d POSITION

OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BALL PLAY.

MR. JAS. CREIGHTON, THE CRICKETER AND BALL PLAYER.

It will be some time before the ball playing community will be gratified by witnessing the skill of such an admirable player as Creighton, the noted pitcher of the Excelsior Base Ball Club of Brooklyn. A more finished and graceful fielder, or a better or more effective batsman, or such an accurate and swift pitcher, we never knew in the base ball fraternity; and his unassuming and gentlemanly deportment withal, was such as to win him the respect and esteem of all his companions. Take him, for all in all, it will no doubt be some time ere we look upon his like again.

We give below an analysis of his play, not only as a ball player, but as a cricketer; he being, at the time of his death, the most prominent American player we had. Though a regular member of the St. George Cricket Club, we regret to say that not only was there not a solitary member of that club present at his funeral, save their worthy professional, Harry Wright, but to our knowledge, not the least action has been taken by the club in reference to his death, in the way of resolutions of condolence with his relatives. The least that could have been done in the case was to hold a special meeting, as the Excelsior Club did, and adopt some resolutions in regard to the sudden loss of so valuable a member of their club.

Creighton's average in base ball this past season, was the best of any we have ever recorded; and had he lived, we have no doubt it would have been excelled next season. He was unquestionably the best batsman in the country when he died. The following are his batting averages since 1858:—

	Matches.	*Outs.*	*Average Outs.*	*Runs.*	*Average Runs*
1859.....	6	19	3–1 over	15	2–3 over
1860.....20		56	2–16 over	47	2–7 over
1861.....	3	7	2–1 over	13	4–1 over
1862.....	5	5	1–0 over	22	4–2 over
Total.....34		87	2–19 over	97	2–29 over

In cricket, his swift bowling made him to be a dreaded opponent to ordinary batsmen, and one not to be trifled with by the best defender of his wicket in the country. To "drive him" about the field was to do something worthy of special remark; the most runs made from him being from "slips." In batting, he showed by his fine defence against good bowling in the match between the Willow and St. George Clubs, that all he needed was experience to place him at the head of the ranks of all first-class cricketers, and in fielding he was a model of grace and skill; in fact, he was a thorough ball player in every respect. His averages in cricket were as follows:—

	Matches.	*Inn'gs.*	*Runs.*	*Highest in An In'gs.*	*Highest in A Match.*	*Not Out.*	*Average per Innings.*
1860	8	14	77	27	29	2	5–7 over
1861	7	9	88	37	37	0	9–7 over
1862	7	11	124	41	41	0	11–3 over
Total	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Average.22		34	289	41	41	2	8–17 over

BOWLING AVERAGE.

	Innings.	*Wickets.*	*Average per Inning.*
James Creighton.....29		124	4–8 over.

AVERAGES OF THE MYSTIC BASE BALL CLUB FOR 1862:—

	Matches.	*Hands Lost.*	*Average and over*	*Runs*	*Average and over*	*Highest Score in Match*	*Clear Score*	*Matches in which no Runs made.*	*Most Hands Lost.*	*Least Hands Lost.*
Barry	1	1	1–0	4	4–0	4	0	0	1	1
Blackman ..	1	4	4–0	1	1–0	1	0	0	4	4
Bridge	3	8	2–2	9	3–0	8	0	1	4	1
C. Clover...	3	10	3–1	5	1–2	4	0	1	4	3
W. Clover..	5	18	3–3	9	1–4	4	0	1	5	2
Gray.	6	15	2–3	14	2–2	6	0	1	4	1
Haines.	1	4	4–0	5	5–0	5	0	0	4	4
H. Kelly....	5	15	3–0	13	2–3	5	0	0	4	2
T. Kelly....	7	19	2–5	21	3–0	7	1	1	5	0
W. Kelly ...	7	13	1–6	26	3–5	6	2	0	4	0
Manson	7	15	2–1	23	3–2	6	0	0	4	1
McCarthey .	6	20	3–2	14	2–2	6	0	1	4	3
McSweeney.	2	7	3–1	10	5–0	6	0	0	4	3
O'Connor...	4	7	1–3	10	2–2	5	1	1	4	0
Reynolds...	1	3	3–0	1	1–0	1	0	0	3	1
Rooney	2	4	2–0	2	1–0	2	0	1	4	1
Thomas	1	3	3–0	1	1–0	1	0	0	3	3
Wright.	1	3	3–0	2	2–0	2	0	0	3	3

The first nine of the Mystic Club have played 7 matches, of which they won 5 and lost 2. The clubs they defeated were the Excelsior, Jr., twice, Unknown, Niagara, and Juniata. The matches they lost were those with the Benicia Boy and Rose Hill clubs.

The total number of innings played in the 7 matches was 57, and the total number of runs obtained 170, giving an average of 3 runs to an innings, and 24 runs to a match, with 2 over. The total score of their opponents was 108, giving an average of 1 run to an innings, and 51 over; and 15 runs to a match, and 3 over. Of the innings played, there were 14 in which no runs were obtained, giving an average of 2 to a match; there being 19 of the same innings charged to their opponents, an average of 2 to a match, and 5 over.

The greatest number of innings in a match in which no runs were obtained, was 5, that of their opponents being 4.

There were two games in which double figures were scored in single innings—their opponents only scoring the same in one match.

The highest score in one innings was 14, that of their opponents being 11.

The highest score obtained in a match was 51, that of their opponents being 33; the lowest score being 9, and that of their opponents 8.

In two matches runs were made in each innings.

The first match of the above series was played June 28, and the last Oct. 30.

AVERAGES OF COUNTRY CLUBS.—We noticed that in the averages of the Knickerbocker Club, of Albany, that was sent to us last week, the club matches, "married vs. single," were included in the averages of the players. We have to say that no scores save those made in regular club matches are admissable, and therefore all those who took part in the ordinary practice games should be left out. Three is a first-rate average for a player, and few but such batsmen as Creighton or Wood reach an average of 4. The additional statistics are based upon the regular games played, and are therefore correct; but the batting averages are not. Those sending us their averages will please remember this fact, and only include games between the first nines of clubs, which are the only matches to be included in a batsman's averages.

NOT A VERY DESIRABLE RESIDENCE.—From the scarcity of females in California, some queer goings on take place occasionally. We've heard tell of a certain John Schultz granting exclusive control of the person of his wife to B. Benson, for one week for five dollars, duly receipted. Don't say anything about New-York lager beer saloons after that. Here's another choice document from the same Schultz, which further illustrates the degradation and low life of the gold diggings. It was written to the Chief of Police;

SAN FRANCISCO, October 20, 1862.

CHIEF BURKE—Dear Sir:—The present is to inform you that the boy sent to me is by the 2d husband. I am the 4th husband, and do not think it reasonable to support other children. She, my late wife, has money; let her take care of her child. His name (child) is Henry Sempara. Let her and her seducer or husband No. 5 take care of him. JOHN SCHULTZ.

Massachusetts ought to send all their surplus females to California, and make Christians of them.

AMERICAN FISTIANA.

OPERATIONS IN THE PRIZE RING DURING THE YEAR 1862.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Bendigo, beat Johnny McGlade, Chicago, $200, 46 rounds, 80 minutes, Dec. 30, 1861.
Cook, Barney, beat Johnny Bennett, Brantford, Canada, $20, 47 minutes, 12 rounds, Dec. 1.
Donnelly, Billy, beat an Unknown, Boston, purse, 18 rounds, Dec. 25.
Dorsey, John, beat Johnny Morrison, Staten Island, $100, 97 minutes, 42 rounds, March 3.
Dwyer, Billy, and Tommy Collins, draw, San Francisco, Cal., 84 minutes, 64 rounds, June 5.
Davis, Bill, beat Tom Daley, Port Wine, Cal., $1000, 47 minutes, 54 rounds, May 31.
Edwards, George, beat Tom Lloyd, Hatteras Inlet, 70 minutes, 46 rounds, March —.
Elliott, Jem, and Hen Winkle, draw, 135 minutes, 95 rounds, Jan. 6.
Elliott, Jem, beat Big Bailey, near Boston, $25, 4 rounds, Nov. 16.
Fagin, Mike, beat Andy Love, (fatal,) near St. Louis, 51 minutes, 36 rounds, June 1st.
Franks, beat Bill Roberts, Hunters' Chapel, Va., 57 minutes, 19 rounds, Jan. 18.
Hanly, beat Keenan, Weehawken, Jersey, 60 minutes, 60 rounds, Jan. 2.
Laville, Jimmy, and M. O'Rourke, draw, Newport News, 35 minutes, 21 rounds. Jan. 2.
Myers, Ned, beat Joe Williams, near Toronto, $100, 45 minutes, 21 rounds, Jan. 14.
Podget, J. G., beat Wm. Stinebach, Madison, Ind.. $200, 17 rounds, June 28.
Price, Ed., prevented a shooting affray between Col. Kerrigan and a Southerner, at Willard's Hotel, Washington, Jan. 31.
Smithy, beat Alf Walker, near Greenwood Cemetery, 90 rounds, Oct. 19.
Tovee, Old Bill, beat Squegee Gardner, 2½ minutes, 1 round, Oct. 25.

BRITISH FISTIANA.

DOINGS IN THE PRIZE RING OF GREAT BRITAIN IN 1862.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Anderson, beat Caggy Wilson, near Birmingham, £20, 53 minutes, 26 rounds, Feb. 25.
Bandoff, Ben, beat Jack Hopkins, near London, £20, 57 minutes, 28 rounds, April 3.
Bunting, Geo. beat Johnny Walder, £10, 226 minutes, Jan. 15.
Boldock, beat Jack Brooks, near London, £50, 130 minutes, 74 rounds, April 9.
Brown, Tom, beat Hammer Davis, near Birmingham, £10, 35 minutes, 15 rounds, April 21.
Burgess, Harry, beat Patsy Marley, near Liverpool, £100, 81 minutes, 61 rounds, July 29.
Baynes, John, beat Patsy Cleare, near London, £10, 65 minutes, 38 rounds, Sept. 2.
Brook, J. H., beat Joe Atkinson, near Bradford, £20, 19 minutes, 59 rounds, Sept. 11.
Brummagem George, and Dublin Peter, fought near London, £20, 135 minutes, 35 rounds, Dec. 26, 1861; Police interfered.
Bambrook, Joe, beat Mo. Thomas, Austrailia, £100, 30 minutes, 10 rounds, Oct. 8.
Brettle, Bob, fought Jack Rooke, near London, £1000, 92 minutes, 25 rounds, Dec. 31, 1861. Police interfered.
Brettle, Bob, and Jack Rooke, draw, near London, £400, 100 minutes, 4 rounds, March 11.
Boyle, Andy, beat Alf Owen, near Manchester, £22, 83 minutes, 89 rounds, Nov. 17.
Booth, W., beat Frank Walker, near Hull, £10, 8 minutes, 7 rounds, Jan. 1.
Carney, Eddy, beat Fred Carney, York, 45 minutes, Dec. 30, 1861.
Chambers, beat Foxall, Great Yarmouth, 34 rounds, Jan. 13.
Cowlishaw, J., and J. Smith, draw, near Birmingham, £50, 142 minutes, 132 rounds, Feb. 25.
Clouting, Freddy, beat Wooden Albert, near Dudley, 60 minutes, Feb. 28.
Champney, W., beat Samuels, near London, £10, 60 minutes, 20 rounds.
Coveney, Dan, beat W. Donohue, near London, £10, 48 minutes, 33 rounds, March 24.
Collins beat Tom Frost, near London, £10, 30 minutes, 25 rounds, June 30.
Collins, Jim, beat Henry Morris, near London, £10, 40 minutes, 14 rounds, May 19.
Cross, Joe, beat Smockey Bishop, near London, £10, 31 rounds, April 30.
Drew beat Porter, near London, £20, 26 minutes, 13 rounds, Oct. 21.
Dawes, Tom, beat James Evans, near London, £50, 102 minutes, 56 rounds, Aug. 18.
Dwyer, E., beat J. Hurley, near London, £10, 132 minutes, 86 rounds, April 15.
Dillon, Jem., beat Mick Cocklin, near London, £50, 118 minutes, 48 rounds, Jan. 7.
Dunn beat Mullins, Cornock Green, Staffordshire, £10 108 minutes, Jan. 13.
Evans, J., beat J. Benson, near London, £10, 25 minutes, 24 rounds, June 13.
Freeman beat Simpkins, near Bromford, £10, 90 minutes, 82 rounds, Sept. 15.
Foley, Bill, beat Jack Patrick, near Birmingham, £10, 30 minutes, 10 rounds, Nov. 24.
Foley, Mick, beat Hammer Davis, near Birmingham, £10, 41 minutes, 20 rounds, Oct. 13.
Fox, Jem, beat Freeman, near Birmingham, £20, 57 minutes, 35 rounds, Nov. 4.
Fisher beat Brannan, near Coventry, £20, 60 minutes, 41 rounds, April 29.
Goss, Joe, and Bill Ryall, draw, near London, £200, 198 minutes, Feb. 11.
Goss, Joe, beat Posh Price, Stonebridge, £50, 108 minutes, 31 rounds, Nov. 25.
Gloster, Jem, beat Young Whelock, near Birmingham, £5, 70 minutes, 35 rounds, Oct. 14.
Green, Wm., beat George Todd, near London, £10, 34 minutes, 38 rounds, Jan 16.
Gannon, Mickey, beat Jesse Hatton, near London, £100, 63 minutes, 39 rounds, April 29.
Harding, Gallat, and Dymock, draw, Wall Heath, £10, 15 minutes, 7 rounds, Oct. 13.
Hall, Nobby, and Peter Millard, draw, near Birmingham, £100, 235 minutes, 58 rounds, Oct. 7.
Hicks, Jack, and Jem Gollagher, draw, near London, £200, 107 minutes, 58 rounds, Nov. 26.
Holden, George, beat Charley Lynch, near London, £50, 84 minutes, 54 rounds, Dec. 24, 1861.
Hartley beat Stiff 'Un, near London, £20, 148 minutes, 82 rounds, Jan. 3.
Harding, Gallat, beat Dimmock, Four Ashes, £40, 65 minutes, 51 rounds, Jan. —.
Horton, C., beat Robinson, Kingwood Common. £20, 105 minutes, 95 rounds, March 17.
Hefferan, Bob, beat Dan Keefe, near London, £20, 85 minutes, 34 rounds, April 3.
Humpage beat Gillbank, near Sheffield, £20, 45 minutes, 39 rounds, April 17.
Hall, Nobby, beat Charley Wilkinson, near Sheffield, £100, 247 minutes, 43 rounds, May 3.
Hawkes, Jerry, beat Harry Morris, near London, £15, 80 minutes, 28 rounds, June 13.
Hunt, Joe, beat Bill Evans, near Birmingham, £10, 22 minutes, 13 rounds, June 30.
Innes, Joe, beat Geo. Scholey, near Hull, £30, 52 minutes, 36 rounds, Nov. 18.
Jary, G., beat Jack Paine, Norfolk, 20 minutes, 4 rounds, June 27.
Jones, Harry, beat George Barton, New Zealand, £100, 70 minutes, 35 rounds, July 8.
Jennings and Smith, near Sheffield, £20, 35 minutes, 22 rounds, July 14. Police interfered and both arrested.
Johnson, beat Johnny McGrath, Wakefield, £20, 22 minutes, 9 rounds, July 4.
King, Tom, beat Jem Mace. (Championship,) near London, £400 and the belt, 38 minutes, 21 rounds, Nov. 26.
Kenny beat Cook, near Birmingham, £30, 21 minutes, 9 rounds, April 23.
Kenrick beat Moseley, Brampton Lane, Yorkshire, £25, 55 minutes, 52 rounds, Dec. 24.
Lane, Tom, and Sam Harris, draw, near Birmingham, £10, 30 minutes, 27 rounds, Oct. 28.
Leach, George, beat Jem Paul, Wind's Point, Herefordshire, £30, 116 minutes, 79 rounds, July 22.
Morris, Peter, beat George Holden, near London, £100, 129 minutes, 66 rounds, Aug. 28.
Meek beat Morgan, Langsett, Yorkshire, £50, 59 minutes, 84 rounds, Sept. 15.
Morris, Peter, beat Jack Hartley, near London, £50, 137 minutes, 59 rounds, May 7.
Morrison, Ted, beat Tom Parker, near Bawtry, £4, 60 minutes, 25 rounds, Jan. 13.
Mace, Jem, beat Tom King, Championship, near London, £400 and the belt, 68 minutes, 42 rounds, Jan, 28.
Mick the Grecian, beat Hawley, near Wolverhampton, £20, 40 minutes, 20 rounds, March 25.
O'Dowd, Barney, beat W. Mullins, near Birmingham, £10, 160 minutes, 100 rounds, March 17.
Pawson, Joe, beat George Ryder, near Leeds, £20, 120 minutes, 42 rounds, May 31.
Porter, Tom, beat Dan Kiley, near London, £20, 170 minutes, May 27.
Parton, Jack, beat Patsy Marley, near Liverpool, £50, 21 minutes. 13 rounds, Sept. 30.
Phelan, Morris, and Harry Allen, draw, near Birmingham, £50, 75 minutes, 37 rounds, April 12.
Phelan, Morris, and Harry Allen, £50, near Birmingham, 95 minutes, 91 rounds, April 8. Police interfered.
Price, Posh, beat Tom Allen, near Birmingham, 55 minutes, 35 rounds, July 28.
Proctor, Tom, beat M. Burke, Plymouth, £10, 52 minutes.
Pearce, Watty, beat Tommy Brown, 60 minutes, 26 rounds, Nov. 17.
Reece beat Littlejohn, near Portsmouth, £10, 3 rounds, June 30.
Reardon, Patsy, beat Bob Travers, near London, £200, in first ring, 37 minutes, 7 rounds; second ring, 245 minutes, 53 rounds, July 15 and 16.
Regan, Jerry, beat Barney Regan, near London, £20, 39 minutes, 17 rounds, Aug. 2.
Reardon, Patsy, and George King, draw, near London, £100, 145 minutes, 14 rounds, March 25.
Ruffles, J., and J. Lucas, draw, near London, 102 minutes, 92 rounds, March 24.
Richards, George, beat Joe Lankey, near Manchester, £10, 105 minutes, 102 rounds, Sept. 23.
Stanton beat Malkin, near Sheffield, £30, 14½ minutes, 5 rounds, Dec. 26.
Salt, Badger, beat Pussy Cope, Abbotts' Bromley, Staffordshire, 40 minutes, 14 rounds, March 29.
Siddall beat Clayton, City of Sugar, £20, 45 minutes, 5 rounds, July 21.
Sullivan, Jerry, beat Chummey, near Birmingham, £5, 74 minutes, 19 rounds, Aug. 1.
Smith, Bill, beat Jem Hill, near London, £20, 105 minutes, 39 rounds, May 12.
Sullivan, Denny, and the Black Diamond, draw, near London, purse, 165 minutes, 67 rounds, Nov. 21.
Sullivan, Jerry, beat Bill Chatway, near Birmingham, £5, 11 rounds, Oct. 6.
Thew, Bob, beat Broome Atkinson, Morpeth, £30, 6 rounds, Nov. 14.
Truckle, Tommy, beat Ikey Bing, near Portsmouth, 76 rounds, June 30.
Thomas, Dan, and Joe Nolan, draw, near London, £400, 90 minutes, 20 rounds, April 3.
Waldron, Joe, beat Jack Rees, near Cardiff, 21 minutes, 3 rounds, Sept, 15.
Wilson, Ed, beat Paddy Rooter, near Birmingham, £10, 9 rounds, Oct. 13.
White, Dave, beat Jack Sullivan, (Light Weight Championship of Australia,) Victoria, £1000, 85 minutes, 37 rounds, Aug. 12, about.
Wilson, Caggy, beat Alf Simpson, King's Norton, £10, 130 minutes, 62 rounds, July 21.
Wilson, Caggy, beat C. Fitzpatrick, near Birmingham, $10, 37 minutes, 14 rounds, March 24.

A LITTLE FIGHT TALK.

MACE, KING, HEENAN, ETC.

FORT WAYNE, Ind, Dec. 21, 1862.

DEAR CLIPPER—As you have always given both sides their say, perhaps you will allow one of your old subscribers, and a Mace man, to say a few words. Our confidence in the late Champion of the World is not in the least shaken by his being placed *hors du combat*; on the contrary, we have more confidence in him than ever, and believe in the event of another match "he will snatch the laurels from the brow of *Mister* King." Johnny Gideon and Mr. Richardson's opinion are worth much weight. "£30 to £5, again shrieked the Rothschild of the ring." But neither McDonald nor any of the *King's* men took it up.

Mr. Richardson, King's umpire, than whom no better judge of milling exists, said Mace could not lose it, unless by some extraordinary good luck of the enemy. It was a splendid fight as far as it went. Jem's magnificent science and greased-lightning-two-handed fighting, have never been excelled. That he is a tremendous hitter, no man can deny, for a man of his weight. He polished Bob Brettle off, with scarcely a scratch, in 19 minutes; and Bob's nob was allowed by those who were present, to be one huge black bruise, and every hit as bad as Heenan's was after Tom Sayers painted it. Why you consider him inferior as a punishing hitter to Sayers I can't conceive. Sam Hurst, according to the *Sporting Life*, looked as if he had been dragged through the shambles. The most enormous flattery was heaped upon the Staley Bridge Infant after he defeated Paddock; and *Big Bell* said he was quite sure Sam would prove a thorn in the sides of some of the fancy. He might have so proved, but there is no mistake but the accomplished Jem proved a thorn, and a prickly one to boot, all over the Infant's huge carcase. I will venture to assert, without fear of truthful contradiction, that had Coburn, Kelly, Gribbin, or any of the New York Irish boxers made such a fight with King, they would have been lauded up to the skies. Why the American people were so anxious to have Mace defeated, I can't conceive, unless it was a sort of left-handed hoist for Heenan, to save him the trouble, &c.

It is pretty generally known that Heenan will fight no more; that he will fight no more in England, is certain; notwithstanding the sensation paragraphs of your respectable (?) contemporaries. Should Heenan offer to fight Mace in France or Belgium, he can be accommodated to any amount up to £500.

I see by last week's CLIPPER that the *Sporting Life* and *Bell's Life* differ by six pounds as to Jem's weight. Which are we to believe? *Bell* stated he weighed 11st. 4lb.; the *Sporting Life* 10st. 12lb., a serious difference. It must not be forgotten that before Mace became Champion, he was able to reduce himself to 10st. 4lb., and fought as light as 10 stone in his twenty-sixth year. Think of that, ye detractors of Mace, a man Champion of England who could fight at 144lbs.!!

I must say, your paper is more inclined to give the devil his due than any of your contemporaries. In fact, I could scarcely believe my eyes, the other week, when you stated in the CLIPPER that justice was dealt out to rich and poor alike, more equally in England than in the States; that if a man had money here he generally got off, &c. We Britons have been held up by some of the American journals so long as objects of utter abhorrence, that we are becoming used to it. Your neighbor of Anti-McClellan notoriety, says the only thing that will save the Union is immediate war with England. How the deuce can any international match be brought off, when the editors of sporting papers write such trash? Lynch left New York and fought many battles in England, and finally made it his home. Heenan cannot have such a bad opinion of the little sea-girt isle, or he would not stay there.

Your Cabin Boy's description of his interview with the accomplished Phil Samson was first rate. He must surely have been upset since his youthful days, because Boxiana gives his height as 5ft. 10¼in. (Cabin Boy 5ft. 7in.) Phil's best performance was his first battle with Big Brown, of Bridgenorth. Phil acknowledged that Jem Ward was the best man in England, but he said he was "Jem's foreman; Jem was A No. 1, but he, Phil, was B No. 2."

Yours, &c., CRAWLEY DOWNS.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26, 1862.

FRIEND QUEEN—Does it not oft appear to you, in the management of your paper, that sporting items, narrating events in brief that transpired in this and other cities, previous to the successful launch of the independent and saucy little craft that is honored with your command, could, by a little overhauling of "past dates," be placed before your readers and prove of general interest? My opinion, and that of many of the CLIPPERITES on that point, is in the affirmative. Many of the CLIPPER's weekly "guests," in possession of facts touching pugilists, pedestrians, cricketers, boatmen, actors, etc., that flourished in years gone by, could, if disposed, furnish any quantity of squibs concerning them that would be of great interest to your patrons, as well as being peculiarly advantageous to the Skipper's "long stocking" in these degenerate days of intestine strife, shinplasters, and unprincipled papermakers. With your sanction, I'll set the ball in motion:—

In the present story of the CLIPPER, which just suits the boys, the author briefly alludes to Jack Clark, the "Liverpool Lightweight." To witness Clark dance the Liverpool or Sailor's Hornpipe, or to see him "put up his hands" in a friendly exchange of thumping compliments, you would perform a mile of pilgrimage, barefooted, over a stony road, having once seen him. Jack was a native of Liverpool, Eng., and emigrated to this country about the year 1846. The first notice I had of him was at Boston, Mass., in '48, where he proved himself a skilful boxer at a sparring benefit, given at Bland's Old Court-street Adelphi Theatre, to Jim Stewart, the *soi-disant* "Glasgow Champion," at present residing in Benicia, Cal. The renowned Belcher Kay, of Boston, appeared on this occasion, and sparred with Jack Barry, a pet pugilist of the Irish population of South Boston. Harry Floyd, a sparrer of some celebrity, hailing from the Dry Dock, New York city, donned the mits with J. B. Booth, Jr., the actor, who was an excellent boxer at that period, and "biffed" Floyd around the stage until he made the boys in front split their jaws with "lafture." They are both citizens of the Golden State. Clark appeared in the wind-up with Stewart, astonishing the *quid nuncs* with the rapidity of his hitting. By trade, Clark was a steam boilermaker, and was principally employed in the Morgan Iron Works and the Novelty Yard when in New York. One day, a few years subsequent to Stewart's affair in Boston, Clark, with several other workmen, was sent aboard of a steamship docked at the foot of Eighth street, to perform some repairs upon a damaged paddle wheel. As a convenient means of access to the interior of the wheel box, wherein the work was done, a narrow plank was stretched from the string-piece of the wharf to an arm of the wheel, the plank running under the guard. On this plank the workmen, going on and off, crawled on all fours, to save a journey, to the ship's deck, from which they would have to take the gangway. Jack considered the plank arrangement the result of a lazy man's labor, and vowed "that he might be cursed if he'd crawl on the d——n thing!" Returning to his work, at the dinner hour, one day, Clark for the first time *crawled the plank*, as he was in a hurry, and just as he reached the spot beneath the ship's guard, the wheel revolved, bringing the plank upwards, and crushing the poor fellow almost to death. When extricated, he was insensible, but upon his revival no bones were discovered broken. He was "as good as new" at the end of three days, and upon being asked how he felt, he replied—"Like a fiddle; *the devil himself couldn't kill me!*" The next day he took passage to Boston, via Fall River, and died on board the steamer from the effects of the crushing on the plank. Should the foregoing suit the cargo of the CLIPPER, count me in for another "lift."

Yours truly, JOHNNY DUCKS.*

P. S.—As you have a "Cabin Boy," it is no more than right that you should employ a forecastle youth. How's that, Captain?

* "Johnny Ducks" is the name given to boys aboard ship that play flunkey to the crew.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF STRENGTH.—A French paper says that at a farm in Ervy, (Aube) a bull attacked the farmer's wife, who had gone to drive the cattle out of the orchard. The woman's life would have been sacrificed but for the strength and bravery of one Lepine, who was employed on the farm. This man ran to the assistance of the woman, and being much excited, he seized the animal by the horns, and by main strength, threw it over on the ground. Then taking the woman in his arms, he carried her out of the orchard before the enraged bull could rally from his discomfiture. The woman, whose name was Flavia Lebrun, is seriously hurt, but it is thought she will recover.

SPORT IN HOBOKEN.

A ROUSING GAME AT FOOTBALL.

Shortly after the brilliant military achievements of the noble General George B. McClellan in Western Virginia, a party of young sports residing in the upper part of the city resolved themselves into a body, for the purpose of organizing a club in honor of the hero's name, to be known as the "George B. McClellan Social and Sporting Club," which is now in a flourishing condition. This organization is composed of as fine a looking body of young men as there is to be found together in this city, many of whom belong to, and practice in, the various gymnasiums in this city and in Brooklyn. They occupy a large room, which is replete with every article necessary to their amusement and comfort during their leisure hours. Dumb-bells, Indian clubs, boxing-gloves, and other appendages of the gymnasium, are at their disposal, whenever they take the notion of using them, and their meetings are characterized by a hilarity and healthfulness really commendable. They get up impromptu little games, which are always performed with a dexterity and agility which would do credit to far more pretentious athletes. Football is a favorite game with them, the majority being quite proficient in that healthiest of all exercises.

On Friday, December 12th, we were present at one of their private contests, and a finer treat in that sort of sport we have seldom enjoyed. Taking advantage of the lovely weather which then prevailed, they selected West Hoboken as the scene of their exploits. A finer day could not be desired, and although the field was rather soft, their spirits were so buoyant that they flew over the ground like deers. At one o'clock P. M., they were stripped and ready for the trial, eight stout, strapping fellows being appointed on each side. After tossing for the 'vantage ground, the ball was sent whizzing in the air as "high as a kite," and then the sport commenced in earnest. Such shin-digging, running, collar-and-elbowing, and expert and lofty kicking, never was seen in the "Jarsies." A judge and referee were duly appointed, who occupied the greater part of the time in dispensing choice lager and other invigorating cordials beneficial to the inner man. The grand struggle progressed in the most vigorous manner, each contestant behaving in the most admirable and expert style. It was surely a laughable sight to witness the *melee* that ensued when the sixteen sturdy fellows came together in a bunch. You can bet your boots there were some loud exclamations uttered, while stentorian howls of "Oh! my shin," and other loud expressions, rang through the surrounding woods. Then the circle was broken, and one of the fleetest of the crowd took the ball with a tremendous kick, and followed it over the field in his own direction, hotly pursued by one of his opponents. Just as the first is about gaining the run, his pursuer overtakes him. A trip, a hoist, and a corpus is seen flying heels over head, and measures his length on the ground. Then the ball is recaptured before the fallen hero can recover his "poor feet," and the usual struggle ensues between the combined forces. Thus the gallant, humorous, and manly display continued from one till half-past four, when the youthful athletes were pretty well used up, and the contest was declared "a draw;" the play was ordered to be renewed another day, and the "George B. McClellan Social and Sporting Club" returned to their rendezvous, merrier and healthier men.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

MATILDA HERON,

Born in Labby Vale, Londonderry, Ireland. Came to the United States when very young; became the pupil of Mr. Peter Richings, and made her first appearance on any stage, Feb. 17, 1851, at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Bianca, in "Fazio," for the benefit of Mr. R. Jones, prompter of the theatre.

In 1853, Miss Heron left Philadelphia for California, in company with Geo. W. Lewis, her agent. On the passage, Mr. Lewis died, and our heroine arrived in San Francisco, a stranger to every one—not even known by theatric reputation.

She, however, soon found friends, and on the 26th of December made her *debut* at the American Theatre, San Francisco, as Bianca, supported by Mr. Lewis Baker, as Fazio. Her success was unrivaled, and her whole engagement, and a succeeding one at the Metropolitan, won for her an enviable reputation as an actress.

Her chief merit was found in her perfect naturalness of manner; the total absence of those screamings, rantings, and gesticulations which have grown up rank and deep-rooted weeds on the dramatic field.

In June, 1854, she left California, and arriving in New York, commenced a starring tour through the country, which proved highly successful.

On Sunday, December 24, 1857, Miss Heron was married to Robert Stoepel (leader of the orchestra at Wallack's Theatre,) in St. Ann's Church, New York, by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

At present, Miss Heron occupies a very enviable position upon the American stage. As a star, she has travelled throughout the United States, playing in all the principal cities. In Camille, and such like delineations, she is without a rival. She has just concluded a successful engagement at Niblo's, New York, and is now performing engagements in the West.

MONS. GOIFFEE

Was brought from England by Mr. John Fletcher (the celebrated pantomimist, and original representative of the Living Statues,) in 1831, and made his first appearance on the American stage, November 29th, at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, in the pantomimic entertainment called "Jack Robinson;" made his *debut* in New York, December 13, 1831, at the Bowery Theatre, in the "Island Ape;" first appeared in Philadelphia, January 2, 1832, at the Walnut, as the "Island Ape."

This extraordinarily gifted man exhibited one of the most accurate pictures of the peculiarities of the ape we have ever yet witnessed; the wonderful flexibility of limbs, the perfect acquaintance with the most trifling habits of that animal, beggars the imagination; and the pathetic scene of his dying, in the entertainment of the "Brazilian Ape," stamped him a man of most acute genius and observation.

It would seem that, either from natural conformation, or from a high degree of practical discipline, he had acquired such power over his limbs, and could throw himself into such positions, as could appertain to no human being, furnished with but an ordinary quota of joints and tendons. The muscular strength manifested by an individual of such comparatively insignificant dimensions, was in itself a matter of great astonishment.

MADAME GOIFFEE

Came to this country in 1831 from England, with her husband; made her first appearance on the American stage, Jan. 24, 1832, at the Camp-street Theatre, New Orleans, as Mysa, in "Jocko."

MISS LIZZIE GORDON

Made her first appearance at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, March 18, 1850, as Barbara, in "Rookwood." On the 4th of July, 1857, she was united in marriage to Mr. Chas. Stewart. She has retired into private life, and become a member of the Methodist Church.

MISS LYDIA KELLY.

"Beauty of face for those who tread the stage,
Will often compensate for talents rare."

This lady is the younger sister of the distinguished English actress, Miss F. M. Kelly, and niece to the celebrated composer, Michael Kelly. She was born at London, June 2, 1795, and at the age of thirteen accompanied her sister to Glasgow, where she made her first appearance on any stage as Louisa, in "The Deserter." Subsequently, on the attainment of her fifteenth year, she made her *debut* in London (October 11th,) at the Lyceum Theatre, as Rosina.

On the 20th of September, 1824, she first appeared on the American stage, as Letitia Hardy, in the "Belle's Stratagem," at the Chatham Theatre, New York. First appeared in Philadelphia, February 3, 1826, as Letitia Hardy.

In giving point to wit, the bite and lash to sarcasm, and life and spirit to the scenes of fashion and high life, the powers of this lady were called forth in the most attractive action. More successfully the votary of Thalia and Terpsichore, than Melpomene, the range in which she appeared, may justly be said to have won their propitious smiles.

She realized a handsome fortune in this country. In 1832 she returned to England, and retired from the stage.

ROSE MERRYFIELD,

Well known as the celebrated Rose Cline; was the original representative of Topsy, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, March 4, 1850, at the Arch-street Theatre, in the farce entitled "New Footman."

This lady is an intelligent actress, and a beautiful woman. She reads intelligently, and with good taste, and her action is easy, and for the most part natural. She has a good voice, an expressive face, and sings charmingly.

SUICIDE OF A WHALE.—About two weeks since, a whale, of the "California Gray" species, made its appearance close to the South Farallon, and after apparently reconnoitering for a while, started "head on" for the sharp rocks on the north side of the island, and of course was severely wounded. This was repeated several times, and finally the whale "turned up" dead, and drifted into a small cove or gulch, where Mr. C. M. Underwood, one of the light-keepers, and Mr. James Green, an employee of the Farallon Egg Company, secured him to the rocks with a hawser, and, at low water, succeeded with their sheath knifes in hacking enough blubber from the carcass to make six barrels of oil. Unfortunately for them, however, as the tide rose, the wind and sea rose with it, and the hawser parted, the whale—which would probably have yielded some twenty barrels of oil more—drifting out to sea.

THE WRETCH!—The following notice might have been seen some weeks ago, stuck up in a corsetmaker's shop window in Glasgow:—"All sorts of ladies stays here."

MORE THANKSGIVING SPORTS IN THE ARMY.

Empires and monarchies may boast of their splendidly-drilled soldiers and the commanding impression they make on parade or guarding some royal palace—let them do so. We neither want nor expect so much outward pomp, and need not care to imitate them. Standing armies may be trained to look like uniformed ram-rods, but our boys, instead of the incessant drilling, prefer to throw in a little sport whenever convenient—as the annexed communication from a "true blue," under the signature of "Sapper and Miner," will show—and fight none the worse when the tug of war comes, from the benefit of this recreation. But we'll let him speak for himself and the "brave partners of his toils, his feelings, and his fame:"—

FORT PULASKI, Ga., Dec. 16.

FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* Here we are at Fort Pulaski, garrisoned by the Forty-Eighth New York Volunteers, with company G. of the Third Rhode Island Artillery and company F. of Serrell's New York Volunteer Engineers to do the working part, and, if needs be, fight also, as they are of the right stock, and from the right place, New York city. We had a big time here on Thanksgiving Day, let me tell you. The officers of the garrison got up several very interesting games for our amusement, and you would have found it a difficult matter to tell officers from privates that day, so lively did they enter into the spirit of the contests. There was the Greased Pole trick, with a prize of $10, won by one of the Rhode Island boys; and a sack race, three prizes, wherein some of own boys came off victorious. Of hurdle racing and tasteful shooting, "there was no end," as the saying goes. The main feature, however, was the rowing. There were three prizes given for the crack oarsmen, $10, $5, and $2.50. Distance to be pulled, three quarters of a mile and return. The first prize was taken by the Rhode Island crew of four oarsmen and coxswain, who pulled handsomely; time, ten minutes. The other matches fell to the lot of some of Forty-Eight's fellows. To show the interest this part of our sport created, the gents made up $50 to be contended for on the 15th inst. by five out of company K. and five out of company E., this time the distance to be one mile and return. It came off yesterday, the boys doing their work in a whale boat, steering with a rudder and against time. Company K. were the first to start, getting off very nicely and pulling well together; they reached the stake-boat in five minutes, tide with them, and the starting point in thirteen minutes, forty-two seconds. Company E.'s crew then got at it, reaching the stake-boat in exactly the same time as their opponents, but coming back they had a hard road to travel, for the tide was running very strong against them, but they persevered like Trojans, and after a desperate struggle accomplished the distance in thirteen minutes, twenty seconds, beating the others by twenty-two seconds, and carrying off the "greenbacks" amid the hearty cheers of both officers and privates. There is some talk of more rowing matches, and if anything turns up I'll let you know, if agreeable." [It *will* be agreeable, and we shall only be too happy to publish the doings of our brave soldier boys.—ED. CLIP.]

FOREIGN ITEMS.

TROTTING IN ENGLAND.—On Friday afternoon Nov. 7, a very interesting trotting match took place on the Malton road, near York, between a horse belonging to Mr. T. Ellerby, and one the property of Mr. Duffit, both gentlemen residing in the neighboring village of Whitwell. The match was for a small stake, and the conditions were that each should trot seven miles on the turnpike road. Each party drove a light gig, and each carried the referee an equal portion of the distance. A good start was effected, Mr. Duffit's horse gradually gaining the lead, which was maintained throughout, and the match was won with a good distance to spare.

IN LUCK.—Harry Clasper, the famous oarsman and boatbuilder, was honored by a public dinner at Newcastle, on Nov. 27, to commemorate the opening of the hotel given him and his heirs forever, by the "Clasper Testimonial Fund." The establishment is valued at $5500. There were present at the dinner, Messrs. Wm. Newton (chair,) Harrison (vice chair,) T. G. Pickett, Robt. Winship, Jos. Bagnall, Robt. Chambers, and about forty others. We guess Clasper can keep that hotel, any how.

TWO MILES' WALKING MATCH.—A walking match of two miles took place at Hackney Wick on Nov. 17, for £50, between J. Miles of Brixton, and Wm. Hatley of London, the former giving a lead of 100 yards. Hatley won easily in 15min 25 sec.

NOBBY GEORGE AND W. RYAN, £5 A SIDE, AT 7ST. 10LB.—All the money has been staked, and the lads are well under weight. They meet in battle array early in the same week.

FLOOD DONOVAN AND CLAMP.—These parties are still busy in connection with the money market and their forthcoming match.

COLLINS AND HATTON'S SPIDER also meet in the same ring as Dillon and Reardon, for a stake of £10.

TRUTH AND POETRY.

Tell me ye angelic hosts,
Ye messengers of love,
Shall swindled printers here below
Have no redress above?
The shining angel band replied,
"To us is knowledge given,
Delinquents on the printer's books
Can never enter heaven."

LOOKING INTO THINGS.—Parson Brownlow has been "around" in Washington, adding to his knowledge of human nature as it is. Hear him:—"Washington, as a city, has no more charms for me than in former days. The population is said to be double what it was when the war broke out. Speculators and swindlers have multiplied at a fearful rate, and all trades and professions are living and flourishing at the expense of the government. And every variety of institution is being run here. There are five theatres, three monkey shows, one circus, "the negro minstrels," 100 houses of doubtful utility, and an indefinite number of liquor shops, to say nothing of about fifty gambling hells, all in full blast, and all doing a profitable business. There are officers enough in the hotels, in the Halls of Congress, in the street cars and carriages, in the liquor shops, and on the streets, smoking cigars, to officer an army large enough to take Richmond. There is a screw loose somewhere, but I am not able to say where."

What are "houses of doubtful utility," and how did you get at ther number, Parson? And, do you number the Capitol among "gambling hells?" If not, there are about fifty-*one*, and a big stake it is that is there being played for.

"THEREBY HANGS A TAIL."—The latest Munchausen story was related by a boy who was begging in the streets of Plymouth, Eng., the other day. He said that he was a cabin-boy on board an American liner, and for some of his mischievous pranks he was headed up in an empty water cask, with only the bung-hole to breathe through. On the following night a squall came up, the ship went down with all on board except himself, the cask containing him having rolled over into the sea, on a sudden lurch of the vessel. Fortunately it kept "bung up," and after thirty hours floating about, he was cast on the coast, where, after he had made desperate efforts to release himself, he gave himself up to die. Some cows strolling along the beach were attracted to the cask, and, in switching around it, one of them accidentally slipped her tail into the bung-hole, which the boy grasped immediately, and kept fast hold of with admirable resolution. The cow started off, and after running three or four hundred yards, the cask struck against a rock, and was knocked to pieces. After wandering about for several days, he hailed a vessel, was taken on board, and carried to Falmouth, from whence he proceeded to Plymouth.

WHAT MUSCLE CAN DO.—A slender youth lifted for Dr. Winship, in the Gymnasium, Springfield, Mass., 530 pounds with one hand. A blow of Heenan at the same place, up a graduated spring, was 650 pounds. At the siege of Palermo, Garibaldi was anxious to place a gun upon a rocky height to which access was difficult. Two brothers looked at the gun, and then one of them bent over it and took it upon his shoulder, and the other took the carriage, and silently they walked up the precarious footing, each with 500 pounds on his back. Garibaldi was amazed, and said warmly: "Finding such men here, I need not to have brought any."

HOW ARE YOU, PEANUTS?—A couple of idle fellows strolled into a colored church at Hartford, a few evenings since, to enjoy the fun, but when the colored minister rose up to preach, before announcing his text, he leaned forward on the pulpit, and looked slowly around on his congregation: "Bredren," says he, at length, "may de Lor' hab mercy on all de scoffers." A long pause. "May de Lor' hab mercy on all de laffers." Solemn pause. "May de Lor' hab mercy on de peanut eaters by de door." The young men did not wait to hear the benediction.

A GAY DECEIVER.—A young woman who had been bedridden seven years, and during that time had received five shillings a week from the parish of Guyzance, besides a great deal of private charity, was last week brought to the Union Work House, Alnwick. She demanded a nurse, butter and jelly at breakfast, and a pair of crutches; but on learning that Mr. Young, the master, had sent for the doctor, she suddenly rose, dressed, leaped over a stone wall four feet in height, and ran a quarter of a mile before she was recaptured.

HAVING AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—The proprietor of a cotton-mill, who is somethiug of a philosopher, posted up on the factory-gate the following notice:—"No cigars or good looking men admitted." When asked for an explanation, he said, "The one will set a flame agoing among my cottons, and 'tother among the gals. I won't admit such inflammable and dangerous things into my establishment at any risk—no, sir!"

A HINT TO MEDICINE TAKERS.—If any persons who are obliged to take offensive medicine would first take a piece of alum into the mouth, they could then take the medicine with as much ease as though it were as much sugar.

THE GREAT TOPIC OF THE DAY.—A few days since, a schoolmaster of Bath, examining his pupils on subjects of information, asked one boy if he knew the prevailing question of the day. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply; "How's your poor feet?"

RATHER PERSONAL.—A cotemporary, noticing the appointment of a post master, says:—"If he attends to the mails as well as he does the females, he will make a very attentive and efficient officer."

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS, Proprietors. JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer.
WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers. A. ROSS, Officer.
SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following talented Artists:—

DAN BRYANT,		NEIL BRYANT,
SHER C. CAMPBELL,		W. W. NEWCOMB,
NELSON SEYMOUR,		G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
W. L. HOBBS,	G. S. FOWLER,	J. H. SIVORI,
G. A. CONNERS,	G. W. CHARLES,	J. W. HILTON,
D. D. EMMETT,	J. MORRISON,	T. GETTINGS,
ROLLIN HOWARD,	FRANK LESLIE,	LITTLE MAC.

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c., &c. For Particulars see bills of the day.
Tickets 25 cents. 37-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
This popular establishment will
COMMENCE THEIR SIXTH REGULAR SEASON
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 4th.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:

LON MORRIS,	N. LOTHIAN,
BILLY MORRIS,	R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL,	J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	F. WILMARTH,
R. W. PRESCOTT.	R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT,	J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDRES,	D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER,	L. A. ZWISSLER.
D. W. BOARDMAN,	JAPANESE TOMMY.

The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
36-tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
Cor. COURT & MONTAGUE STREETS.
H. M. HOOLEY.....Sole Proprietor and Manager
T. B. PRENDERGAST.....Stage Manager
GUSTAVUS PERCY.....Vocal Director
PROF. STRAUB.....Pianist and Instrumental Director
HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS.
Comprising the following well known members of the profession.

ARTHUR HUGHES,	JOHNNY BOOKER,
E. N. SLOCUM,	T. B. PRENDERGAST,
GUSTAVUS PERCY,	J. W. HILTON,
W. H. LEWIS,	T. M. HAYS,
F. HONEYMAN,	T. McNALLY,
J. RILEY,	PROF. STRAUB,
H. HEMPE,	MASTER EDDIE,
J. BRYANT, and	R. M. HOOLEY.

Who will appear nightly in a superior entertainment, embracing all that can be included in the repertoire of Ethiopian Minstrelsy. For particulars, see programmes.
Doors open at 6¾; to commence at 7¾. Tickets 25 cents.
31-tf

444. THE GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC HALL,
444 BROADWAY.
ROBERT W. BUTLER.....Proprietor and Manager
The Music Hall of the Masses.
NO CESSATION OF NOVELTIES.
The National Institution for Exhibition of
TALENT OF ALL NATIONS.
The most popular Place of Amusement in the World. We have the largest and most respectable, most intellectual and critical audiences of any other Place of Amusement in America.
4 4 4
is the only Place of Amusement of the kind in New York. Managers have sought to rival us, but they have all signally failed and vanished
ONE BY ONE
until we are left alone in the field.
Our penny rivals might as well try to hold a penny candle to the sun as to have tried to imitate
THE ONE—THE ONLY—THE FIRST—THE BEST
CONCERT HALL IN AMERICA,
THE GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC HALL. 33-

CONTINENTAL MUSIC HALL, PHILADELPHIA,
Walnut Street, above Eighth.
Sole Lessee and Proprietor.....FRED. AIMS.
Treasurer and Business Manager..J. W. ALLINSON.
Stage Manager.....C. McMILLAN.
Leader of Orchestra.....JNO. RITTER.
THE MAMMOTH MUSIC HALL OF THE WORLD.
THE LARGEST AND MOST ARTISTIC CORPS OF
ARTISTS EVER ASSEMBLED TOGETHER.
MISS EVA BRENT,
The Song Bird of America.
M'LLE HELENE,
The Premiere Danseuse of the age.
THE ROLLANDE BROTHERS,
The Celebrated Gymnasts.

MISS JULIA PRICE,	DENNY GALLAGHER,
MISS SUSIE SUMMERFIELD,	SAM LONG,
MISS ROSA SMITH,	CHARLIE NEILL,
MISS MAGGY NICHOLS,	JOHN RIVERS,
MISS KATE HUGHES,	C. W. PARKER.

MR. GEORGE SMITH,
And the famous Continental Corps de Ballet; together unequalled and unapproachable, and a large Corps of Auxiliaries.
ADMISSION,

Parquet.....25 cts.	Seats in Private Boxes...50 cts.
Orchestra Chairs.....37 cts.	Gallery.....10 cts.
Lower Private Boxes....$3 00	Colored Boxes.....25 cts.
Upper Private Boxes....$2 00	Colored Gallery.....15 cts.

Doors open at quarter before 7 o'clock.
Performance will commence at 8.
Artists of known ability, desiring engagements, will please address as above. 37-tf

LEA'S MELODEON,
BALTIMORE, MD,
The above Establishment, carried on by the former Proprietor of the
NEW YORK MELODEON,
Is now in the full tide of success, engaging none but the most
TALENTED PERFORMERS IN THE PROFESSION.
Strangers, visitors to Baltimore, must not forget to pay us a visit when they pass this way, as they will be sure to meet all the
"NEW YORK FOLKS."
Performers of talent (and none others) can get larger Salaries, and better Engagements at this Establishment, than at any Concert Hall in the United States. Fare and traveling expenses paid from any place in the United States.
Apply by letter to Baltimore Melodeon, Md., or at 616 Broadway, New York City. 35-tf

WASHINGTON VARIETIES.
ALBERT HAMBLIN & CO.....Proprietors.
A. M. HERNANDEZ.....Acting Manager.
JAMES PILGRIM.....Stage Manager.
This new and beautiful temple of amusement will be completed and
OPENED FOR THE SEASON,
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1862.
For elegance and comfort, this Hall will not be excelled by any similar establishment in the country. VERY SUPERIOR ENTERTAINMENTS, embracing Pantomimes, Ballets, Ethiopian Acts, Singing, Dancing, &c., &c., will be given.
First class artists desiring engagements may address
POST OFFICE BOX, 506,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 1862. 35-tf

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL,
CHICAGO, ILL.
LESSEE AND MANAGER.....A. J. SINK.
Stage Manager.....T. L. Fitch.
The continued success of this favorite place of resort for all classes, has induced the proprietor to enlarge and redecorate the entire establishment, consisting of a magnificent Hall, attached to which is a splendid Bar Room, well stocked with all kinds of refreshments; also, a large and commodious DINING SALOON, for Ladies and Gentlemen. All reliable performers wishing engagements at the above Hall, will address the proprietor, Box 2061, Chicago, Ill. J. W. HARRISON, Agent. [34-4t*

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—SHERIDAN CORBYN would respectfully inform members of the dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to pre-pay the same. 46-6m

THE LARGEST
SHOW BILL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD!
CLARRY & REILLEY,
(Successors to John E. Bacon,)
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York,
Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For travelling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circusses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
☞ A deposit required on all work ordered.
All orders addressed to "CLARRY & REILLEY," Bacon Printing and Engraving establishment, 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York, will be promptly attended to. 37tf

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL.
514 BROADWAY, 514
Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
HENRY WOOD.....Sole Proprietor and Manager.
ANOTHER TRIUMPH.
CONTINUED SUCCESS
Of the great African version of Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,
DINORAH,
Which has been received during the past week by
CROWDED HOUSES,
Composed of the elite of the city, with
RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE.
MONDAY, DECEMBER 29, and every evening during the week.
DINAH (DINORAH,)
THE PARDON PELL-MELL.
For plot and incidents, see libretto of the Opera.
SPECIAL NOTICE.
The Opera of Dinorah must be withdrawn after this week for other novelties.
PREVIOUS TO THE OPERA,
A GRAND DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENT,
BY
WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
OTHELLO, HAPPY UNCLE TOM, THE FOUR VULTURES,
SONGS, DANCES, &c., &c., by

EPH HORN,	CHARLEY FOX,	FRANK BROWER,
COOL WHITE,	HENRY,	FRANK CONVERSE,
FLORENCE,	GLENN,	SCHWICARDI,
ISAACS BROTHERS,	HASLAM,	LEIS,

LOCKWOOD, GARATAGUA, LEWIS, &c.
Doors open at 6½; commence at 7½ o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.
No connection with any other Troupe assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 38-

MISS KATE FISHER,
THE CELEBRATED ACTRESS AND EQUESTRIENNE,
Has just finished an engagement of Eight Weeks, at Boston, in her world-renowned character of
MAZEPPA,
AND THE
Great and Original Equestrian Drama, in Four Acts,
Written by W. B. English, Esq., entitled
MIKE MARTIN,
As played by her 21 nights to overflowing houses, and acknowledged by the Press of Boston to be the most Daring Feats of Equestrianism ever witnessed on any stage.
MISS FISHER has the best Trick Horse in the country, the celebrated "ALEXANDER." Also, the exclusive right of Mr. English's celebrated Drama of the
THREE FAST MEN.
MISS FISHER will appear at TORONTO, December 8th, for two weeks.
Managers will please address, care of
CHARLES S. BERNARD & Co., 486 Broadway,
38- corner of Broome street, N. Y.

ARLINGTON, LEON & DONNIKER'S MINSTRELS, from 585 Broadway, New York, comprising the following talented performers:—

WILLIAM ARLINGTON, Comedian;	ALBERT JONES, Comedian;
J. B. DONNIKER, First Violin, and Leader;	SAMUEL GARDNER, Basso, late of Matt Peel's;
MASTER LEON, Danseuse and Burlesque Prima Donna;	WM. SPAULDING, Harpist;
EDWIN KELLY, Tenor and Light Comedian;	SAMUEL PRICE, Comedian;
	FRANK CARDELLA, Pianist;
	FRANK SPOHER, Cornet;
	JAMES GRANVILLE, 2d Violin.

[From the Cincinnati Inquirer.]
"This splendid troupe of minstrels, the best that has ever visited our city, remains at Smith & Ditson's Hall, one week longer. They drew an immense audience at the above hall last night, but when we take into consideration the musical ability and talent that comprise the company, the cause thereof is fully explained."
Due notice will be given of their return East.
37-3t* R. L. DINGESS, Agent.

VARIETIES THEATRE,
LATE ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE,
After a most successful season of over Eleven months, is now open with the following Company:

MISS LOUISA WELLS,		MISS CLARA BUTLER,
MISS C. MORLEY,		MISS ROSE DE LUCE,
MISS FANNY THOMPSON,		MISS MINNIE LANIER,
MLLE ADA LAURENT,		MLLE JULIETTE,
MISS JOHANNA CLIFFORD,		MISS FLORENCE WELLS,
MISS LIDA HIBBARD,		MLLE FLORA,
	MLLE LOUISE WALBY,	
EDWARD BERRY,	WM. M. REEVE.	T. H. JEFFERSON,
TOM CONY,	GEO. P. JAQUES,	NICK FOSTER,
WM. R. DERR,	JOHN CONKLIN,	P. CONKLIN,
J. BARNEY,	J. JEROME,	LESLIE MAY,
	FRANK STEELE,	

A LARGE BALLET TROUPE.
Ballet Master.....SIGNOR CONSTANTINE,
Leader of Orchestra.....B. VOGEL.
Scenic Artist.....THOS. NOXON.
Costumer.....HERR OHMAN.
GEO. J. DEAGLE, Lessee.
EDWARD BERRY, Stage Manager.
These, with many minor members constitute
A MONSTER COMPANY,
Who are nightly drawing crowded houses to witness their
CHASTE AND BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES.
THE VARIETIES
IS THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, BEST APPOINTED,
AND MOST COMFOTABLE
MUSIC HALL IN THE COUNTRY.
Parties of acknowledged excellence desiring engagements, may Address GEO. J. DEAGLE, Varieties Theatre,
31 tf St. Louis, Missouri.

AGAIN IN THE FIELD.
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND.
The Autocrats of Ethiopeanism,
THE MODEL TROUPE OE THE WORLD,
Under the direction of the Great Wit and Humorist,
SAM SHARPLEY,
Are meeting with great success throughout this state—everywhere greeted by full houses—and their performances pronounced by the Press, and Public Inimitable and Unapproachable. Everything
NEW, FRESH, AND ORIGINAL.
They will visit all the Principal Cities in the
NEW ENGLAND STATES,
Introducing their
GREAT CHALLENGE PROGRAMME,
BY THE
TWELVE STARS OF THE PROFESSION.
THE GREAT ETHIOPEAN "IRON-CLADS."
C. A. BOYD, Instrumental Leader.
J. F. BOWLES, Leader of Brass Rand.
SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.
J. D. NEWCOMB, Advance Agent & Director of Publications.
O. D. UNDERWOOD, General Agent.
G. W. BAILEY, Property Man. 37-tf

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
H. COURTAINE.....Stage Manager.
R. HAROLD.....Conductor.
J. L. SCHMITZ.....Leader of Orchestra.
Fifth Week of the
ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE.

SIGNORA BIANCHI,	SIGNOR BIANCHI,
MAD. AGATHA STATES,	MISS LIZZIE PARKER,
MISS JENNIE MANDERVILLE,	MISS ALICIA MANDERVILLE,
MR. JOHN GREGG,	SIGNOR J. GROSSI,
SIG. RONCOVERI,	MONS. CHARLES,

And the Celebrated German Chorus, consisting of 29 voices.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle.....$1	Orchestra Seats.....$1
Parquet.....50 cts	Second Circle.....25 cts
Private Boxes....$5 and $10.	

Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Seats secured three days in advance.
Stars visiting California should remember that Mr. Maguire is also proprietor of Hayes' Park, San Francisco; the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Sacramento and Marysville. 36-tf

"COM. FOOTE'S TROUPE."
SOON TO APPEAR AT
SPALDING & ROGERS'S MUSEUM, NEW ORLEANS.
COM. FOOTE, the most extraordinary pigmy of the century, has just returned from Washington, from a "Convention" of all the "Little Men" now living. While in Washington, he was made the recipient of a "Gold Medal" for being the smallest and most perfect man of his age, now living. He is 11 inches smaller than the renowned "Tom Thumb," and 3 inches smaller than "Commodore Nutt." He is accompanied by his companion, "Col. Small," who is equally as wonderful; also by Miss M. C. ELLINGER, Pianist and Vocalist, who is the composer of no less than 300 pieces of music, and by Prof. BROOKS, the blind boy, who is still more wonderful than blind "Tom;" being a fine Pianist and Violinist.
This Company is under the whole control of COL. ELLINGER, Dr. R. P. LONG, acting as Treasurer.
The Troupe will open in New Orleans about the 1st of January. 37-4t*

CORINTHIAN HALL,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
This long established and popular place of Amusement continues under the same Management that for 13 years of assiduous attention to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, has won for it the reputation of being one of the most popular and best conducted places of Amusement in the State.
Apply personally, or by letter, to
W. A. REYNOLDS.
21-6m* 59 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL,
N. W. COR. FIFTH AND CHESTNUT STS., PHILAD'A, PA.
LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY IN THE CITY.
☞ Ladies and gentlemen of known ability, will address
ROB'T GARDINER & HARRY ENOCHS,
32-3m Proprietors.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY.
SECOND WEEK.
TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS,
OF THE
GRAND, ROMANTIC, SPECTACULAR DRAMA,
FAUST AND MARGUERITE,
MR. J. B. ROBERTS
AS
MEPHISTOPHILES,
THIS EVENING AND EVERY EVENING UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Faust.....Mr. L. R. Shewell	Valentine.....Mr. J. Lanergan
Brander.....Mr. A. W. Fenno	Seibel.....Mr. E. Lamb
Marguerite.....(her first appearance)	.....Miss Emily Thorne
Martha.....Miss Mary Wells	Helene.....Mrs. Mark Smith

The Scenery entirely new, by J. H. SELWYN.
New Dresses, by Mons PHILLIPE and Assistants.
New Appointments, by GEO. W. LETZINGER.
Novel Mechanical Effects, by RUNYON & DEMILT.
And a FULL AND EFFICIENT CHORUS, under the direction of HARVEY B. DODWORTH.
Doors open at 7, to commence a quarter before 8 o'clock.
With the exception of the Press, no free list. 37-

BROOKLYN ARENA,
RAYMOND STREET,
BETWEEN FULTON AND DE KALB AVENUES.
Erected at immense cost by.....Mr. CALVIN WITTY.
GRAND OPENING
OF THE
NEW AMPHITHEATRE,
ON MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 22.
Lessee and Manager.....S. Q. STOKES.
"The Arena" has been constructed at an immense outlay by the proprietor, Mr. Calvin Witty, as a permanent Institution, and for the entertainment of large and select audiences. The interior is elegantly and commodiously fitted up with dress circle, upper tier and Palco Boxes, in the most substantial manner. The auditorium which partly surrounds the arena, commands from every point a full and perfect view of the STAGE and RING, in which the various feats and representations will be given. The house is brilliantly lighted, well ventilated, besides being pleasantly warmed by means of patent air-heaters placed in the ground. The means of ingress and egress are so perfect, that an audience of two thousand spectators may leave the premises in the space of two minutes—the doors, both front and rear, being so arranged that they can be at any moment instantly thrown open the whole width of the opening on two streets.
PERFORMANCES UNEXCEPTIONABLE.
It is the intention of the proprietor to give such a class and variety of entertainments at the "Arena," both in the circle and upon the stage, as shall command the respect and admiration of the public, pledging himself to exclude everything that can be in the slightest degree objectionable to morality or good taste.
The most distinguished
RIDERS AND GYMNASTS
of the age are attached to this beautiful troupe. Among the attractions of the Arena is
OMAR KINGSLEY,
In his great and inimitable
ELLA ZOYARA
Act of Horsemanship, celebrated throughout all Europe and this country as the most perfect exhibition of Equestrianism ever witnessed.
EQUESTRIAN PAGEANTS AND CAVALCADES,
In which Mrs. James M. Nixon, assisted by a troupe of
LADY EQUESTRIANS,
Will appear in
COMIC PANTOMIMES,
BALLETS and BURLETTAS,
FAIRY SCENES, MASQUERADES,
TOURNAMENTS, &c, &c,
Will be represented with the combined effect of both Stage and Ring, conjointly, aided by magnificent scenery, costly wardrobe, horse trappings, housings, and other brilliant accessories.
Leader of Band.....Mr. ROBERTSON.
EQUESTRIAN MATINEES
For the convenience of schools and families, will be given daily, commencing at half past two o'clock.
Evening performances commence at 7. Doors open at 6½ o'clock.
Dress circle 50 cents, Children 25c. Second tier Boxes 25 cents. Palco Boxes may be secured for parties on application through the day time at the Box Office. 38-

BROADWAY MENAGERIE AND ZOOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, Broadway, below Houston street.—L. B. LENT, Manager.—This elegant and attractive School of Natural History is now open daily from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M., with the most splendid collection of
LIVING WILD ANIMALS
upon this continent, including four Elephants, Lions, Tigers, Bears, Hyenas, &c.
Admission 25 cts.; Children under 10, 15 cts.
The animals will be fed at 3 o'clock P. M. 38-tf

CONCERT HALL,
HELENA, ARK.
SMITH, MURPHY & FREEBERTHYSER, Proprietors.
Entertainments every Evening,
BY THE
SABLE HARMONISTS,
Comprising the following talented Ethiopian Artists
J. W. SMITH,
J. B. MURPHY,
MARTIN FREEBERTHYSER,
E. D. GOODING,
J. H. STOUT,
JOHN FREEBERTHYSER,
HENRY FREEBERTHYSER,
JOHN COLE,
CHAS. SANDFORD,
GEO. W. NORTHROP,
In conjunction with
LA BELLE LOUISE,
The charming Danseuse and Vocalist,
AND
MDLLE THEODORA,
The fascinating Prima Danseuse.
Artists of recognised merit, wishing engagements, will apply to J. B. MURPHY, Helena, Ark.
Higher Salaries paid than by any Management in the country. 38-2t*tf

WASHINGTON HALL CONCERT ROOM,
WHEELING, VA.,
The only Room in the City suitable for
CONCERTS, THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL PERFORMANCES,
Situated in the heart of the City,
CORNER OF MARKET AND MONROE STREETS,
Immediately opposite the McLure House,
Easy of Access,
and Unsurpassed for Strength in the United States.
The Room is 104 feet long by 54 feet wide, 24 feet ceiling, including a Stage 28 by 30 feet, with four Dressing Rooms, and Scenery; Brilliantly Lighted and furnished with Arm Chairs.
☞ Let on accommodating terms.
36- Washington Hall Building, Wheeling, Va.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
45tf Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

ATHENÆUM,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
This Theatre has undergone extensive alterations and improvements. All first class perfomances, Concerts, &c., can rent it for nights, or play on shares, by addressing
JOHN A. ELLSLER, Academy of Music,
Cleveland, Ohio.
The Dramatic Season will commence on the 1st of January. Stars will please address as above. 24-

FOX'S CASINO,
CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE SIXTH, PHILADELPHIA.
Under the Management of R. FOX, late of CANTERBURY HALL, New York.
The above commodious Place of Amusement is now open and doing a first rate business.
Performers of acknowledged ability can meet with good engagements by applying as above.
32-tf CHRIS NORRIS, Treasurer.

MASONIC TEMPLE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—This Hall is now open for the accommodation of FIRST CLASS TRAVELING COMPANIES; has Stage, Dressing Rooms, and all the modern improvements necessary for a First Class Hall. Will seat comfortably 1200 persons. For terms, &c., apply to
ROBERT C. MATHEWS,
Agent Masonic Temple,
31-3m Louisville, Ky.

NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE.—This popular place of Amusement is now open for the Season, with a full and Talented Company. STARS wishing Nights will please address
C. T. PARSLOE, New York,
or B. R. MAGINLEY, Acting Manager,
28-14t Box 410 Memphis, Tenn.

"DOBSON BROS. CREMONA."—8 MYRTLE AVENUE, BROOKLYN. FREE AND EASIES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, when the DOBSON BROS., and a host of talented artists will amuse the patrons.
THE BRILLIANT GAS JETS "CREMONA" OVER THE DOOR, will guide you to the place from miles off. 37-2t*

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY and TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 29 and 30,
An entirely new Drama, entitled
THE BUSH RANGERS;
OR,
FAITH AND FALSEHOOD,
Mr. G. C. Boniface.....as.....Charles Graves.
Mrs. W. G. Jones.....as.....Jane.
TWO NIGHTS MORE OF THE
COMIC PANTOMIME
OF
HARLEQUIN JACK SHEPARD;
OR,
ALL RIGHT MY COVEY,
And the Nautical Drama of
THE PIRATE DEY;
OR,
THE FALL OF ALGIERS. 38

NOTICE—PROFESSIONALS.
FOR SALE—THE GREAT CABINET!
OF
ROBERT HELLER!!
THE CELEBRATED PRESTIDIGITATEUR AND PRINCE OF WIZARDS,
The cost of which was over $2000.
It is to be sold to pay charges on them, at New Orleans, where they are now on storage.
Altogether it is one of the
FINEST APPARATUS EVER EXHIBITED.
The following is a List of a few Articles, as I can remember them:—

1..Witch's Card Pole,	24..The Card Mill.*
2..Magic Clock,*	25..Changing Wine,
3..Doves and Flowers,*	26..Sultan's Port,
4..Mysterious Coins,	27..Cabalistic Laundry,
5..Arab Chief,*	28..Ribbon Bottle,
6..Lucifer's Punch Bowl,*	29..Crystal Casket,
7..Dice Boxes,	30..The Chair,*
8..Great Cannon Trick,	31..The Cauldron,
9..The Cornucopia,*	32..Crystal Bulls,
10..Garland of Flowers,*	33..Pieces of Money,
11..Canary Birds,	34..Clock and Bell,
12..Packing Cases,*	35..The Wind Mill,*
13..Voltigeur,*	36..The Orange Tree.*
14..Obedient Dove,	37..The Magician,*
15..Inseparables,	38..The Harlequin,*
16..Fan and Cannon Balls,	39..The Confectioner,*
17..Infernal Medicines,	40..Bowls of Fish,
18..The Cone,*	41..Suspension,*
19..Prolific Hats,	42..Magic Drums,*
20..Inexhaustible Bottle,	43..Telescope,
21..Coffee Pot,	44..Rifle Feat,
22..Ladies Favorite,	45..Ball of Yarn,
23..Great Picture Frame,	&c., &c., &c., &c.,

* Mechanical.
The whole consists of over 70 cases, large and small.
There are a great many more Tricks that I cannot remember.
Gilt Tables, Chairs from President's House, property of ex-President Madison; 1 large Gilt Table, small Tables, Chairs, Tripods, &c., covered with Blue Cloth, and worked in Silk Flowers; 1 very large Gilt Table, handsomely carved and gilded, cost nearly $300; Cut Glassware, Silverware, Platedware, Stage Curtains, Carpet, Brussels, Canvass Boards, Hardware, Tinware, &c.; and a great many valuable articles too numerous to mention.
Those wishing information as to sale of them, or any information concerning them, please address
JAMES ROLANDO O'BRYON,
corner of 12th and D streets,
Washington City, D. C.
Or to JAMES WEST,
No. 112 St. Charles street,
38-2t* New Orleans, La.

NIBLO'S SALOON.
GOODWIN & WILDER'S
POLYMORAMA,
Will be on Exhibition for the first time, this week,
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 31,
And continue every afternoon (except Friday) and every evening (except Saturday.)
Scenes from the first
DREAD SIGNAL AT SUMTER,
Down to the last Great Battle.
Also, the Grand Naval Fight between the
MERRIMAC AND MONITOR.
Doors open at 7 o'clock, Performance at ¼ to 8.
Afternoons open at 2 o'clock, commence at ½ past 2.
Admission 25 cts; Reserved Seats 50 cts.
Children accompanied by their Parents to Reserved Seats, 25 cts.
Grand Performances every afternoon at ½ past 2 o'clock, during the Holiday Week. No Performance Tuesday and Saturday nights. Carriages may be ordered evenings at ¼ of 10 o'clock; afternoons at ½ past 4 o'clock. 37-4t*

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
AND
MR. PETER RICHINGS,
Are now in the Sixth and last Week of their very successful engagement at
FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
These eminent and popular Artists will commence at
MRS. DREW'S, ARCH STREET THEATRE,
Monday, January 5th, 1863.
38-tf A. S. PENNOYER, Agent.

WINTER GARDEN.
SEVENTH AND LAST WEEK BUT ONE
Of those popular artistes
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
Who will appear every evening in
A GRAND HOLIDAY ERTERTAINMENT.
The beautiful comedy of
THE IRISH AMBASSADOR.
The splendid Spectacular Drama,
THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY,
and the side splitting Farce of
FORTUNE'S FROLICS. 1t

PALACE OF MUSIC,
14TH STREET, NEAR 6TH AVENUE.
BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS,
Under the Sole Management of
J. G. COLLINS.
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
BRASS BAND,
AND
NEGRO MINSTRELSY OF THE FIRST ORDER.
Chinese Fiddle, Banjo Solo, Sally Come Up, Bone Solo, Drinking Song, Opera of
LUCRETIA BORGIA.
MISS JULIA GOULD.....as.....LUCRETIA.
Doors open at 6¾. Concert begins at 7¾.

THEATRICAL, LITERARY, CONCERT, AND EQUESTRIAN AGENCY, 614½ Broadway.—WANTED—for a first class CONCERT SALOON, in Broadway, to open on or about the 10th of January, 1863, three FIRST CLASS LADY VOCALISTS, and three DANSEUSES, with twelve good BALLET GIRLS, and four good ETHIOPEAN PERFORMERS. Apply as above, at 614½ Broadway. J. CONNOR, Agent. Office hours from 9 A.M. till 10 P.M. 38-1t

PLAY BOOKS, PHOTOGRAPHS of Ed. Booth, Ed. Forrest, Lester Wallack, W. R. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, also in character, Laura Keene, Kate Bateman, Maggie Mitchell, Caroline Richings, Kate Denin, Susan Denin, as Romeo, Matilda Heron, as Camille; Adah I. Menken, also as Mazeppa and French Spy; Isabel Cubas, in six characters; Mdlle Galletti, also in character; Kate Fisher, Ada Webb, Emma Webb, and all other celebrities, 25 cents each, or 5 for $1. Catalogues sent on receipt of postage stamp, by
W. C. WEMYSS,
38-1t* 575 Broadway, New York.

W. TOMLIN, Baritone and Buffo Vocalist, from the "Royal Polytechnic" and "Sacred Harmonic Society," London, (and late with Gen. Tom Thumb,) is now open for engagements for Concerts, Festivals, or short tours, either in concerted music, (oratorio or secular,) songs, ballads, and vocal comedy. Address Box 172, Stratford, Conn. 38-1t*

MANAGERS OF CIROUSES, MINSTRELS, THEATRES, and TRAVELING COMPANIES, in want of an experienced Agent and Advertiser, would do well to address immediately JOE COOK, No. 36 Holliday street, Baltimore, Md. [36-4t

TO MANAGERS—MINSTREL TROUPES, &c.—The undersigned is prepared to negotiate as LEADER, (String or Brass, Soloist on either instruments.) Experienced in either Minstrel or Theatrical leading. Address GEO. A. FLORANCE,
37-2t* Oswego, N. Y.

GILBERT'S MELODEON, SAN FRANCISCO.—WANTED, immediately, a Young, Handsome, SINGING and DANCING LADY. Apply to CHAS. THOS. PARSLOE,
37- 15 E. Houston st., or P. O. Box 2414.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
One of the most finished and beautiful structures in the West. Stars will please address JOHN A. ELLSLER, Manager. 24-

NOTICE.—J. HENEAGE CARTER, please let me hear from you by letter, Washington, D. C., No. 608 7th street, Island.
38-1t* D. P. RISLEY.

McVICKER'S THEATRE—CHICAGO, ILL.—A "Walking Gentleman" can have a permanent engagement by immediate application. Good reference required.
38-4t* J. H. McVICKER.

OUR LETTER BOX.
☞ We have letters for Miss Lucille Western, California letter; E. S. Washburne; Col. T. A. Brown; Dan Rhodes; and Wattie Rusher.

CITY SUMMARY.

DEATHS IN THE PROFESSION DURING 1862, AS FAR AS THEY HAVE COME TO OUR KNOWLEDGE.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Almy, O. F., scenic artist, Detroit, Mich., March 15.
Abrahams, Mrs. Hannah, actress, London, buried June 25.
Belart, Mons., tenor singer, France, April —.
Butler, Mrs. W., Swansea, Wales, June 10.
Bovee, Charles, minstrel, Providence, R. I., July 1.
Bernard, Lionel, comedian, Columbus, O., January 24.
Batchelor, (Mrs. T. Aymar,) equestrienne, Callao, Peru.
Brower, T., minstrel, drowned, Cape of Good Hope.
Bowley, D. F., proprietor of Bowley's minstrels, drowned, Cape of Good Hope.
Bassett, Charles H., circus manager, Guayaquil, S. A., Oct. 15.
Carini, F., trapeze performer, London, Eng., Nov. 25.
Christy, E. P., minstrel and manager, New York, May 21.
Christy, Wm. A., minstrel, New York, Dec. 8.
Clark, Lorenzo Y., business agent, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 30.
Comer, Thomas, musician, Boston, July 27.
Cawse, John, historical painter, London, Eng., Jan. 19.
Converse, Jas. M., (attache at Wallack's,) New York, Feb. 19.
Cooke, Mrs. Rebecca, danseuse, London, Eng., Feb. 2.
Collingbourne, Wm. E., promptor, Beverly, N. J., Feb. 22.
Castelli, poet and author, Vienna, —.
Duce, or Ducelle, James, magician, ——, June 20.
Don, Sir William, actor, Hobart Town, Australia, March 19.
Drew, John, Irish comedian, Philadelphia, May 21.
DeCourcey, J. M., actor, Pittsburgh, Pa., Feb. 10.
Demarest, of Bowley's minstrels, drowned at Cape of Good Hope.
Evain, W. H., ballet master and pantomimist, Camp Douglas, Chicago, Sept. 18.
Eva, one of the Zouave Sisters, Chicago, —.
Eddy, R. A., manager, drowned near San Juan Island, British Columbia, Feb. 24. So reported.
Fontarieve, Mons. J. J., musician, Stoneham, Mass., June 30.
Fosdick, poet and manager, Cincinnati, O., March 8.
Fenno, Henry W., treasurer, Boston, July 14.
Farini, Madame, rope walker, Havana, Dec. 11.
Graham, Frank, actor, Cairo, Ill., Sept. 1.
Greene, Mrs. A. J., actress, Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 19.
Harrison, C. B., agent, Washington, D. C., June 15.
Halevy, John Elias Frowenthal, music composer, Nice, March —.
Howe, Mrs. J. B., danseuse, New York, Jan. —.
Hart, Alfred, actor, Brighton, Mass., Aug. 3.
Hardenburgh, Mrs., actress, Boston, Nov. —.
Hartley, Daniel, "fat man," Aberdare, Wales, Nov. 26.
Ivers, G. H., magician, New York, Dec. 11.
Icenhour, St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 5.
Janke, Prof. John A. pianist, Philadelphia, Aug. 13.
Knowles, James S., dramatic author, Torquay, Eng., Nov. 30.
Kilner, Thomas, actor and manager, Wilmington, Ind., Jan. 2.
Langrishe, Edward W., manager, Albany, Nov. 24.
Mosely, Miss Georgiana, danseuse, New York, Dec. 10.
Mainley, Miss Ann, actress, Blackburn, Eng., Oct. 16.
Morgan, Jeffrey, "water boy," London, Eng., Oct. 23.
McCord, Alex., alias Sig. Tilghman, in battle, Sept. 1st, about.
Morton, Joseph, conjuror, etc., Dawsbury, Eng., Aug. 30.
Merrifield, Jerry, actor, St. Louis, Aug. 8.
Mungall, John, comedian, Edinburgh, Scotland, Jan. 4.
Melville, Charles, actor, London, Eng., March 1.
Martin, John, comedian and prompter, Stamford, Lincolnshire, Eng., April 2.
Mitchell, Michael, jig dancer, California, Jan. 13.
Norton, Timothy W., Ethiopean comedian, New York, Jan. 25.
Nelson, Sidney, composer, London, April 7.
Olwyne, Isaac Wayne, manager, Philadelphia, Dec. 13.
Parry, Thomas, author and actor, Westminster, Eng., Nov. 5.
Phillips, I. B., stage manager, Baltimore, July 12.
Perry, H. A., actor, San Francisco, Cal., Jan. —.
Power, Fanny, danseuse, Liverpool, Eng., Jan. 30.
Preston, George Spencer, comedian, Manchester, Eng., April 27.
Raymond, Malone, actor and manager, London, Eng., Jan. 15.
Reid, Ellen, vocalist, New York, Feb. 26.
Robinson, J. H., comedian, Milwaukee, Wis., June 7.
Raynor, Jno., of Bowley's minstrels, drowned off Cape of Good Hope.
Speckmier, John, juggler, Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 1.
Staff, Mary Ann, theatre saloon keeper, London, Oct. 18.
Sanford, Mrs. S. S., Philadelphia, Nov. 17.
Shalders, W., actor and scene painter, Liverpool, Eng., Dec. 4.
Summers, Mrs. Oliver, actress, London, Eng., Nov. 17.
Shepherd, Mrs., equestrienne, London, Eng., June 22.
Simmons, costumer, London, Eng., Jan. 29.
Sanders, Geo. Cadwallader, infant drummer, Camp Observation, Jan. 22.
Scott, Danforth L., pantomimist and dancer, killed in battle at Pittsburgh Landing, April 15.
Smith, C. F., manager and actor, killed at Pittsburgh Landing, April 22.
Swansborough, Mrs. W. H., formerly Miss Kate Kirby, danseuse, Rochester, Eng., Dec. 4.
Susini, Isabella Hinckley, July 5.
Talfour, Francis, author, Menton, France, Feb. —.
Tree, Maria, (Mrs. Bradshaw,) actress, London, Eng., Feb. 17.
Turner, Malvin, minstrel, New York, Sept. 27.
Whitman, Frank, comedian, Boston, Dec. 10.
Wood, W. A., pantomimist and dancer, Baltimore, July 31.
Watkins, Samuel, actor, Birmingham, Eng., June 27.
White, Rev. Jas., dramatic author, Isle of Wight, Eng., March 26.

MONDAY, Dec. 29, 1862.

Here we are, at the closing scene of the drama of life of 1862; at the death of the old year; almost at the birth of the new. Since this time twelve months ago, many and sad have been the changes among some of our professional friends, while joy and gladness have attended the movements of others. We have prepared a list of the deaths which have occurred in the profession during the year just closing; of the marriages, and other joyous events, let the CLIPPER's record of the past speak for itself. The year opened gloomy, but we are glad to know that business has exhibited a decided improvement since the beginning of the fall campaign; even in times of peace, seldom have we known a better season than the closing months of the year 1862 have exhibited. Our own people seem to have kept up an interest in the drama, for very few foreign stars have visited us since the opening of the rebellion. They feared the consequences of a professional tour in America while a civil war was raging; they predicted the worst disasters for the cause of the drama in this country; ruin and starvation were in store for us; and these prognostications of evil so worked upon the sensibilities of our people that a number of them left for Europe, where they now are. But we still live, still prosper, and at the present time are doing much better, in the way of amusements, than our transatlantic neighbors. We have outlived the panic which at one time threatened our theatres; we have weathered the storm, and are now sailing along in smooth waters. May the new year be as prosperous as the old has been, but above all may it witness the end of the bloody and fratricidal war in which at present our country is engaged.

Christmas week opened bad—half of the week, but little was done, but with Christmas came a great reaction, and every place of amusement in the city was densely packed on Christmas night. If anything, it even surpassed Thanksgiving night. We might give a rough estimate of the number of persons in attendance at each place, but it would only be a rough guess. We might even give the figures as recorded by our friends, the treasurers—who ought to know to a dot "how much is in"—but we should then have to make some slight allowance or "discount" for the innocent exaggerations of those enthusiastic gentlemen. We shall not, therefore, attempt even a rough estimate. It is enough to know that each and every place was filled to its utmost. Even the little side shows which squat down among us in the holidays were liberally patronised. The fat man looked unusually jolly and good-natured over the receipts of the day; the fat girl displayed her charms with the best of feeling; and the sword-swallower, in his exuberant spirits, swallowed swords enough to supply all the officers seen in our streets on Christmas day. In the afternoon performances, the east side theatres did much better than the Broadway establishments; but at night it was an even thing. New Year's day, probably, will bring equally good returns. In making your calls, kind friends, do not forget that your day's labor is not completed without a call at the theatre, the minstrel hall, the circus, the panorama, the music hall, etc. While your hearts are gladdened by the smiles and congratulations of the lovely creatures in calico you may have visited on New Year's day, you can make glad the hearts of many more by calling at our various places of amusement. All honor to the old year, but three times three and a tiger for eighteen hundred and sixty-three. Now, then, boys, one for the old year, and a stout one for the new. Hip, hip, hurrah!

They are playing the devil at Niblo's. Hush! you oughtn't to say devil, some guardian angel whispers in our ears. Why not? Are we any better than our ministerial friends, who preach the devil and all his angels to us once a week? Are we? "I'll bet yer." But what *we* "meantersay" is that the dramatic spectacle of "Mephistophiles," or "Faust and Marguerite," is the attraction at Niblo's, for the holidays. It was produced on Monday evening, Dec. 22, under the direction of Mr. J. B. Roberts, who also appeared as Mephistophiles. For the first few nights it worked bad, very bad, showing the necessity of many rehearsals for such pieces. The company, with the exception of Mr. Shewell and Miss Wells, were new at that theatre, and necessarily, had to be broken in, so as to pull well together in harness. Two or three nights sufficed for the purpose, and then all went merry as a Christmas horn. On Christmas night, before one of the largest audiences ever assembled at Niblo's, the piece was presented in splendid style; the performers were all "well up;" the machinery was also "well up;" and everything worked as Mr. Roberts had labored to make it work. The audience was enthusiastic, and applauded together, and in the proper places. Mr. Roberts's make up, as Mephistophiles, made us lose sight of the man, and behold the devil himself. Some of the critics object to Mr. Roberts's idea of what the devil should be, or how he should look. They may have a more intimate acquaintance with "old scratch" than Mr. Roberts has, but we doubt that their rendition of the part would be as good a delineation as that of Mr. Roberts. They may know how to play the devil on paper, but there an end. According to our limited knowledge of such infernal business, Mr. Roberts gives us a much better Mephistophiles than those who have preceded him in the part. If we remember correctly, Faust was brought out at Laura Keene's a few years ago, and George Jordan played Mephistophiles—he has since played the devil with himself, and is now atoning for his transgressions, in England. George played the part in his fashionable side whiskers, and looked like Jordan, and nobody else. At Niblo's, you don't see Mr. Roberts, but the "old boy." Mr. Shewell, as Faust, does cleverly, while Miss Emily Thorne, as Marguerite, *looks* excellent well. The scenery and effects are magnificent, and the play is placed upon the stage in good style. It will be repeated until further notice. The *Daily Times*, in its notice of the performance, says:—"Mr. J. B. Roberts, as Mephistophiles, gave a remarkably strong and sinister interpretation to that potentate's character. He is, beyond all doubt, *the best representative of the part we have had here.*" And so we think.

Miss Bateman will play the old year out, and the new year in, at the Brooklyn Academy, this week, being on her return from the East. Messrs. Wallack and Adams are still with the young lady, and combine to make a most capital trio.

You should have seen the folks trying to *get in* at Bryants on Christmas night, while others were equally bent on *getting out*. We have seen many a jam, but this was a jammer. An equally good bill is offered this week. As they say at the polls on election day, go early and go often.

The menagerie is coming into notice. At first the attendance was not very large, because the show was dumped down among us without any previous "declaration of intentions." Christmas day crowds flocked in to "see the elephants," to hear the lions roar, and to poke fun and candies at the seductive monkeys; many of the children "want to see the monkeys more," and as Mr. Lent's Menagerie is just the place to take children during the holidays, we presume there will be a large attendance during the coming week.

After a "furlough" of several months duration, Mrs. John Wood once more emerges from the bosom of her family, to take a more active part in the mimic scenes of life, and will appear at Laura Keene's Theatre, on Monday evening, January 5. "Blondette," from which "great expectations" were formed, may be said to have "achieved a comparative failure," for, after the first week or two, the houses were quite shy and forsaken. It is one of the worst pieces ever placed on the stage, always barring the scenery, dresses, and effects. These are always good at Laura Keene's. The "three gentlemen" who are supposed to have "adapted" "Blondette," have probably escaped "in the excitement of the moment."

Just to think of it—four thousand persons in the New Bowery on Christmas night. No other theatre in the city equalled it. Several of them had more money in, but not so many people, the difference in the rates of admission between the Bowery and Broadway theatres giving the latter the best of it in counting up the "equiv." *Four thousand!* Gosh, what a splendid crowd that would be for Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, or the immaculate Train to tackle, at 25 cents a head, "and no questions asked." But that glorious Bowery constituency preferred to hear and see George Boniface, Nunan, Brookes, Mrs. Jones, and the other favorites of the New Bowery *habitues*. Did you ever see so many people in a theatre? If not, look in on New Year's night, and observe this mammoth happy family. A good programme will be given.

The "Invisible Husband"—the latest revival, or adaptation, or by whatever term these second-hand "new" pieces are known—has been visible at Wallack's for several nights, of the present week, and will be sandwiched twice this week. We have not seen it, and will therefore say naught of it.

Mr. Robt. Hart, who went to Norfolk, Va., to establish a melodeon there, has returned to New York, and will appear this week at Mr. Butler's American Music Hall, 444 Broadway. As we stated in our last, Mr. Hart was unsuccessful in his mission to "Old Virginny," and like many of our generals, very wisely concluded to fall back in order, without getting his people involved in any difficulty. He brought them all safely back, "without losing a man," as Gen. Burnside said, except the members of his orchestra, whom he transferred to Mr. Glenn, of the Norfolk Opera House, musisians being very scarce there. Mr. Hart speaks in the highest terms of the courtesy and kindness of Sam Glenn, who offered to assist him with anything he might require in his efforts to establish the Melodeon, although such a place would be antagonistic to his interests. We like to record such evidences of good feeling in the profession.

There was a great gathering at the Old Bowery Theatre, both afternoon and evening, on Christmas day, and the old place looked all alive. Mr. Fox works hard to please his patrons, frequently appearing in three and four pieces in one evening. He produces a new drama this evening, called the "Robbers of the Pyranees." Pantomimes are also given.

The new burlesque on "Dinorah," produced by Wood's Minstrels, last week, is all "Pell Mell," sure enough. It created the greatest merriment among the audience, the ladies enjoying it even more than the men. Don't misunderstand us; we don't say that the ladies like the piece better than they like the men; on the contrary, quite the reverse; but, much as the sterner sex relished the fun, the divinities in crinoline and three story hats admired it more. The music is well adapted to the dialogue, and the accessories, both before and after the fact, are in harmonious keeping with the whole. We tried to wedge ourselves in at Wood's, on Christmas night, but the house was packed long before we got there, and there wasn't even a chance to see over people's heads, supposing we had been of the proper altitude; the folks seemed to be closed well up, sideways first, and then piled on top of one another. With this pleasing tableau for a manager before our eyes, we didn't "go in." "Dinorah" will be repeated this week.

Kemp's Old Folks gave a sacred concert at Cooper Institute last night, Dec. 28. Admittance ten cents, "to defray expenses." The plate would have been handed round, in lieu of the entrance fee, but there's so many that "can't see it," that these wise old folks concluded to strain a point, and have the usual doorkeeper, et cetera.

Died, on the 11th of December, G. H. Ivers, better known as Signor Cordova, Professor Breslau, and Garret O'Neil, the Irish magician. He has been performing around the suburbs of New York for the past fifteen years, and, although he never attracted large audiences, he nevertheless managed to make a living. He was a ship caulker by trade. We are sorry to hear that he leaves a family in depressed circumstances.

Jackson Haines, the great skater, arrived here last week from Boston, and will appear on the ice, at the Union Park, Brooklyn, this day, 29th Dec., and Tuesday, 30th. Those who have seen Mr. Haines on wheel skates, on the public stage, will now have an opportunity to see him on the ice, on which he will have a fine chance to display his abilities as a skater. Mr. Haines has engagements for various parks, lasting through the winter. He is to appear at Buffalo, on the 5th of January, thence to Rochester, Cleveland, Detroit, etc.

Shirley H. Frances agent for Cubas, will be in New York on the 5th of January, to make arrangements, we presume, for Cubas's coming performances at the Winter Garden.

Adah Isaacs Menken is still in the city, enjoying her *otium cum dignitate*.

Mary E. Neafie, daughter of J. A. J. Neafie, was married, in this city, on the 24th December, to Charles H. Andrews, of New-York.

W. C. Wemyss has a varied collection of "photos" of eminent actors and actresses; also, play books. If you want some, look at his advertisement in these columns.

Edwin Booth, under Stuart's management, appeared before a Brooklyn audience on Tuesday evening, the 23d Dec., for the first time, in "Richelieu," assisted by Mrs. Julia Barrow, Prior, Daly, and a *debutante*, in the person of Miss Nina Foster. Booth was greeted by a house about two-thirds full, and enthusiastically applauded in the 4th act, besides being called out twice; but we heard plenty of comments on his rendition of the character, in comparison to that of Forrest, which were not complimentary to Booth.

A Miss Lavinia Warren last week sent us an invitation to visit her at the St. Nicholas Hotel, where she was holding a levee preparatory to visiting Europe—an invitation we of course accepted. Miss Warren is a young Massachusetts lady, 21 years of age, weighs 29 pounds, and measures 32 inches in height. Her symmetry of form is remarkable, and her unassuming and ladylike deportment especially noticeable. Her voice is musical, and she converses well; in fact, she is a miniature young lady of fashion, both in dress and manner, and will no doubt find great favor with the curious of the aristocracy of England and France. Her parents, it is said, are of ordinary dimensions, but with their daughter, Nature seems to have taken it into her head to get up a Lilliputian by way of novelty, and the old dame succeeded admirably.

We "drapped" in at Buckley's, at Palace Garden, on Friday night last, and found a very good attendance present, in the full enjoyment of the musical treat these excellent artists were affording them. We have always regarded the Buckleys as being at the very top of their profession, as regards their minstrel skill, and unequalled in their rendition of burlesque opera. We noticed that Bishop Buckley has rather increased in weight since we last saw him, and it seems to have improved his voice. On the contrary, George has less power than before, especially in upper notes, but he still sings as sweetly as ever in *sotto-voce* passages. On the bones or banjo he has few equals, and he is excellent in burlesque opera. In Bishop Buckley the troupe possesses one of the best Pompeys that has appeared in negro character. His laugh is worth a fortune; in fact, he is in looks, words, and actions, the veritable Southern darkie, and no mistake. The handsome Fred Buckley handles his violin with the taste and execution of a Vieutemps or a Sivori, the models he used to have before him some years since. Dave Reed is a new addition to the troupe, and a decided acquisition, as are several of the others, among whom is Palmer. But in the talented vocalist and actress, Miss Julia Gould, the company possess a decided advantage over all the others. Her rendition of Lucretia is really excellent, not only for her capital acting, but for the able manner in which she sings the music of the opera. They have good houses, if we may take that of Friday night as a specimen—and it was a very unpropitious evening—and well deserve success.

Several old favorites are back again at the American Music Hall this week. Among them are Bob Hart, Tony Pastor, and Lew Simmons, all good artists in their respective lines. J. C. Wallace, of the Canterbury, London, is also announced for this week. He is of the Irish comedian persuasion, and will make his first appearance here in eight years; you understand? No? Well then, to-night will be his first appearance for eight years. How's that? What snarls a feller will get into occasionally.

That puts us in mind of a snarl we got into last week, in speaking of the two Lewises, one with Wood's Minstrels, and the other with Hooley's. We got their names so mixed up, that we doubt if either man could tell whether he was this one or that one. These Lewises don't want to be mixed up with each other, and that's what makes it so bad, although they both seem to be clever sort of performers. What we want to say is this—W. H. Lewis, with Hooley's Minstrels, is the singer, and is *not*, therefore, to be mistaken for M. Lewis, of Wood's Minstrels. On the other hand, M. Lewis, of Wood's, is the dancer, and don't wish to be "misconstrued" as W. H. Lewis, the singer, of Hooley's. If we hav'nt got it right this time, we'll make it all right next year.

Tyrrell's California, at Hope Chapel, goes out with the old year on Wednesday evening, the occasion being a complimentary benefit to Mr. Tyrrell. Let all returned Californians make a successful wind-up of the panorama.

You that want to see the war, without incurring any of its dangers, drop in at Niblo's Concert Saloon, on Thursday and Friday *evenings* of this week, and Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons. Goodwin & Wilder's "Polymorama of the War" is an instructive exhibition, and gives us a chance to see how battles are lost and won, in a quiet manner; leastwise, in a quiet manner, by viewing this polymorama, we can see many of the horrors of war, and the devastations which war inflicts upon the land.

Miss Alice Placide Mann was in the city last week. She appears in Elmira this evening. We acknowledge the receipt of a very pretty *carte de visite* of this lady.

The Ravel Troupe, with the great Marzetti, etc., will shortly give some of their great pantomimes at the New Bowery. Marzetti's great performance of Jocko will be given. They will commence on or about the 12th Jan.

Mr. and Miss Richings are to be in New York in February, and bring out their great piece, "Satanella," at Niblo's.

It is probable that the great spectacle of "Magnolia," just closed in Boston, will be brought out at Niblo's, in this city. By all means, let us see "Magnolia," and judge whether Boston's enthusiasm was genuine or not.

Mr. Whitney has advertised an evening with the orators and poets, for the benefit of the soldiers of the Pennsylvania Relief Association. It will take place Dec. 30, at Irving Hall.

Barney Williams and wife had large houses, at the Winter Garden, last week. They offer big attractions for the New Year holidays.

DRAMATIC.

The residents of Washington, D. C., have been well supplied with amusements for the holidays. Our old Pittsburgh correspondent, "Adelphi," now in Washington, thus writes of the theatres there, under date of Dec. 24:—FRIEND QUEEN—"A merry Christmas" to you, and to all my old friends, among the thousands who weekly are alike edified and amused by perusing the well-filled columns of the rakish little CLIPPER......The gay, festive, and fashionable city of Washington, is well stocked with amusements for the Christmas week, and the patrons of our theatres, music halls, etc., are in a quandary which to choose among the numerous entertainments presented for their consideration by "energetic and indefatigable managers," with "amiable treasurers" and "urbane and attentive ushers" slipped in. Business is good, though "crowded houses" seldom greet the visual organs of ye proprietor. Appearances indicate that things will flourish like a green bay tree during the holiday week. ......Those renowned *artistes*, Peter Richings and his daughter Caroline, are in their fifth week at Ford's theatre. Balfe's magnificent operatic spectacle, "Satanella, or the Spirit of Beauty," has been the card during the week, in connection with the grand Apotheosis to Washington, and the allegorical tableau, in which Miss Richings sustains the character of the Goddess of Liberty, and Mr. Richings gives his life-like personation of the "Father of His Country." The engagement of those fine *artistes* has been a very successful one. They have been well supported by the stock—the company at Ford's being first-class. On Christmas afternoon will be produced Planche's fairy extravaganza, "Beauty and the Beast," as an entertainment for the "little folks"—new scenery has been painted for the piece by Mr. C. S. Getz......The Washington theatre re-opened on Monday evening, after a short closure, with Mr. Frank Drew as the attraction. The bill presented was "Rip Van Winkle," dramatized from Irving's legend of that name, and the extravaganza of "Mazeppa, or the Untamed Rocking-Horse," Mr. Drew sustaining the principal character in each. Same bill last night, and is up for this evening. Both evenings he *drew* good houses—*frankly* speaking (that's one!) Mr. D. is a very promising actor, and bids fair to rank, ere long, among the first of our comedians. W. H. Hamblin and Mrs. G. Maeder (Fanny Fitz Farren) are members of the new company......"Pauvrette, or Under the Snow," a spectacle, from the pen of Dion Boucicault, holds the boards at Grover's. Kate Denin enacts the part of Pauvrette. ......In conclusion, allow me to again wish you a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." May the gallant little craft meet with every prosperity, and be always as heavily laden with precious freight as it has been heretofore; as it has safely ridden over the troubled waters of the past, while so many of its contemporaries have been engulphed, may it also weather the storms of the future successfully, and ever maintain the proud name it has honestly won, of being the "only live sporting and theatrical journal in America."

Mr. Thos. Wemyss is now prompter at Ford's Theatre, Washington.

A very smooth and artistic lithograph of Miss Kate Reignolds, of the Museum, Boston, alluded to in this department a week or two since, has just been issued by J. H. Bufford, of Boston. We received a copy a few days since. It is from a photograph by Black, which, we believe, was painted, and exhibited at the Museum some time since. The picture before us is plain, and, therefore, not quite so life-like as we presume the colored photograph must be. It is, however, a clear and distinct picture, and a capital likeness. We cannot describe it better than by transfering to our columns the following lines in reference to it, which appeared in the *Boston Post*:—

"Aside are thrown
Her robe and sceptre; the tuneful laugh is hushed,
Nor from her gentle eye flashes the shaft of power.
Nor cornet adorns the peaceful brow—nor gems,
Nor ornaments the richly waving hair—
Banded so tightly round the fair, pure head.
Undecked the slender throat, but by the chain—
That envied little chain that lies so close,
And marks whence gently flows the virgin breast,
Half hid—yet in her careless reverie,
Half seen beneath the light held gossamer
That lightly swells and falls with the warm pulse
Of her sweet life."

Miss Charlotte Thompson will finish her engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre, this week. From Pittsburgh she goes to Cincinnati, where she opens at the National Theatre on the 5th of January; she will begin her engagement at the Louisville Theatre on the 19th of January.

Miss Ida Gray's benefit at the Metropolitan, Rochester, N. Y., took place on the 24th Dec., and Miss Rachel Noah's on the 26th.

The first benefit in Memphis, Tenn., of Mr. B. R. Maginley, took place on the 20th Dec. Tragedy and comedy have formed the attrations at the New Memphis Theatre of late. We presume a fair business is doing—nothing more. The Provost Marshal had ordered the immediate closing of all drinking saloons in the city and suburbs. What! Stop the boys from taking their peppermint? Perish the thought. It can't be done.

From Nashville we hear good reports. A correspondent writes that business is splendid, that they "have had no stars, and don't intend to have any. We are glad the CLIPPER gets down this way once more." So are we, and we shall be pleased to hear of its re-appearance among all our "wayward sisters." We have several bills of the Nashville Theatre before us. S. B. Duffield is manager; Claude C. Hamilton, stage manager; S. T. Simons, treasurer; J. A. Pinguely, leader of orchestra. On the 17th of December, the tragedy of Richard III. was performed, with the following cast, which, we presume, includes the full strength of the company:—Richard, Duke of Gloster, Mr. Claude Hamilton; King Henry the Sixth, Mr. W. M. Foster; Prince of Wales, Miss Constantine; Duke of York, Master Richard; Duke of Buckingham, Mr. T. Radcliffe; Duke of Norfolk, Mr. T. Brown; Tressel, Mr. Williams; Lord Mayor, Mr. Harry Everett; Lord Stanley, Mr. J. R. Allen; Catesby, Mr. E. Wight; Earl of Richmond, Mr. W. M. Foster; Oxford, Mr. Smith; Radcliffe, Mr. Thomas; Blount, Miss Lizzie Mayling; Lady Anne, Mrs. Hattie Bernard; Queen Elizabeth, Mrs. J. R. Allen; Duchess of York, Mrs. Annie Scanlan. Prices remain at 25 and 50 cents.

Miss Fanny B. Price and Mr. D. Hanchett commence an engagement, of three weeks, at Rochester, Dec. 29th.

W. W. Pratt, agent for Mrs. W. B. English's Ravel Company, thus writes:—"The Ravels, since my last, have visited Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Kingston, Belleville and Coburg, C. W.; playing to good business. They will open with Manager Harry Linden, at Toronto, on Monday, 29th Dec., and produce many of the larger pantomimes, 'Mazulm,' 'Red Gnome,' 'Vol au Vent,' &c., &c. While at Belleville, I was surprised to find in the proprietor of the neat little theatre there, the Atheneum, a retired dramatic equestrian of celebrity, whose whereabouts is no doubt unknown to most of our professional brethren, Mr. Leweller, the 'Mazeppa,' 'Lochnivar,' &c., of other days, celebrated at the old Tremont, Boston, under the Creswick & Field management. He was in the opinion of critics the best dramatic equestrian of his time. Your readers no doubt will be delighted to hear that he still lives, although several reports of his death have already been published. After the engagement of the Ravels at Toronto, we commence our return tour, 'homeward bound.'"

At the Metropolitan, Rochester, on Friday evening, 24th Dec., Miss Rachel Noah, a promising young actress, took a benefit. She was assisted by her sister, Miss Victoria Noah, and her mother, Mrs. W. G. Noah, who personated Helen McGregor, in the drama of "Rob Roy." Mrs. Noah is a celebrated actress, and has not appeared on the stage except at intervals for years. She was greeted with a fine house. "Rob Roy," "Asmodeus," and "The Little Rebel," composed the bill of the evening.

With regard to our notice of Mr. Chaplin's dramatization of "Les Miserables," recently produced at the Pittsburgh Theatre, we have received the following note from Mr. C., and in justice to that gentleman, we give it publicity:—

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 25th.

DEAR CLIPPER—I write this in reply to a notice I saw in your last, of my dramatization of "Les Miserables." In the first place, no new piece will draw here without it has a New York reputation. In the second place, the piece had no fair show, for the business of the theatre would only allow of *one rehearsal* on the day it was performed; and what made the piece drag was the waits between the acts. I admit that the piece was a little too long, so I cut it the second night, when it went off well, and the theatre was out by fifteen minutes of eleven. The piece can now be played easily in two hours and a half, and still embrace the whole plot of the story. It is the only one yet dramatized that does embrace the five books. I only write this in justice to myself, and have stated the plain facts to you, and trust you will give place to it if you see fit. Yours, G. D. CHAPLIN.

Miss Charlotte Thompson continues the star at the Pittsburgh Theatre, and so far has met with success. A correspondent says she is held in high esteem there.

Yankee Robinson performed at Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., last week.

At Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, they have produced "Midsummer Night's Dream." Our correspondent, "Topsy," says the scenery and dresses are truly magnificent, and the dances in Zavistowski's best style; but it does not pay in Cincinnati to get up expensive pieces, for one week is quite a run for the most extravagant show piece. Little Alice Zavistowski (only eight years of age) has pleased every one there by her rendition of Puck. She also sings in the duett, "I know a Bank," with charming effect.

At Wood's, Cincinnati, the Florences are playing their usual round of characters to crowded houses.

At the National, Cincinnati, they are playing their stock company in such pieces as "Nick of the Woods," "Wizard of the Wave," and "Uncle Tom."

Mr. Miles's horse "Minnehaha" was advertised to appear *on the roof* of the Baltimore Museum, on the 27th Dec., to decide a wager. Mr. Miles is still at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore.

John E. Owens is in the second week of his engagement at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, and continues to renew his search for "that bar'l of apple sass."

A walking gentleman is wanted at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. See advertisement.

Mr. Washington Melville, eccentric comedian, was announced to make his first appearance at the Metropolitan, Rochester, on the 27th Dec.

"The usual Edwin Forrest houses" greeted the great tragedian last week at the Boston Theatre. Mr. F. concludes his engagement there on Friday evening, Jan. 2d.

Miss Laura Keene and company are at the Walnut, Philadelphia, this week, opening on Dec. 29, and succeeding Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, who closed on the 27th. We hope Mr. Blake will not act so pettishly as he did on a former visit to Philadelphia, when the people there failed to appreciate the good qualities of himself and those who accompanied him.

After a fine run of five weeks at the Boston Museum, the great show piece called "Magnolia" has been withdrawn, and one of M. Scribe's novelties, entitled "Crossing the Quicksands," takes its place this week. John Wilkes Booth will show at the Museum, after they have finished "Crossing the Quicksands."

We wish to give a single instance of the devices resorted to by a New York Sunday paper to deceive its readers, and to draw away the correspondents of the CLIPPER. The following letter we received on the 29th Dec., and we give it publicity, omitting, for the present, places and names. We can scarcely believe that the proprietors of the paper in question are privy to such deceptions as the person dismissed from our employ, and now in their pay, is practising upon them and their readers. Here is the letter:—

————, Dec. 26, 1862.

FRIEND QUEEN—"Fair play" is my motto, so I'll just give you a history of a little transaction in which you are slightly interested. Some two weeks ago, I received a note from a certain party connected with a Sunday paper of N. Y., requesting me to write a letter now and then. They had been informed by a certain 'doctor' that I did write sometimes under the cognomen of "—— ——," and they would be most happy to hear from the aforesaid "—— ——." I did not take any notice of the letter, although it contained some few blue and white envelopes, already directed—as I never go back on old friends, and I had concluded that when I *did* write, it would be for the good, old, staunch CLIPPER, and not for people mean enough to steal the breezes from that same CLIP. Now, here's where the laugh comes in. Last week, or the first of this, I picked up the aforesaid Sunday paper, and what should I see but a letter from Washington and signed by my *nom de plume*. Now, Frank, I know there is no one but your humble servant that writes under that cog., and I'm d——d (hard word) if I wrote it. It was done to make you, my boy, think that I had deserted the good ship. Now, Frank, I have not written a line for a long time, and when I do again, you may rest assured it will be for you.

Yours, —— ——.

We presume if this sort of deception and fraud has been practised in one instance, it has been in many. It speaks for itself, and tells a black tale against the party engaged in the fraud.

Mdlle. Galetti and Mons. Velarde are at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore. There is some talk of their shortly appearing at Ford's Theatre, Washington.

Mr. Couldock will remain another week at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, and will be followed on the 5th of Jan. by Maggie Mitchell.

Another theatrical establishment is shortly to be opened in Boston. Mrs. W. B. English has leased Allston Hall for ten years, and the necessary alterations are now being made.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport are to give poetic and dramatic readings, in Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, Jan. 2d.

Of thing theatrical and otherwise in California, we must necessarily be very brief, and the communications from our correspondents and friends will have to suffer. They will pardon the liberty taken. At Maguire's Opera House, the Bianchis had, during the week ending Nov. 29, been running opera, assisted by Gregg, Grossi, and others. On the off nights, Billy Birch, Ben Cotton, and Tommy Peel, with other minstrels, were well patronized, and the "vaudevillains," to which the Mandeville sisters had been added, and of which Harry Courtaine was director, were also favorably looked upon. Sam Wells's benefit, on the 26th, was a bumper......At the Metropolitan, Tom Taylor's play of "Retribution" had taken the place of "horseology," Messrs. J. B. Booth, E. Thayer, C. R. Thorne, Jr., Franks, and Mrs. Hayne, shining forth in the leading characters........Only "two bits" for a day's fun, were sufficient inducements for large numbers to congregate on Sunday afternoons and evenings, at The Willows, where our correspondent, Sherry Corbyn, does the catering to public satisfaction........At Gilbert's Melodeon, Joe Murphy and the Worrell sisters, supported by any number of "stars of the Pacific," were having lively times. ....Tommy Peel was to take a benefit on Dec. 1st........ Buchanan was doing the tragic at Sacramento, at reduced prices. The Orrin Family, and other circus people, were off for Los Angelos......Bella Union has again got Biscacciati.......Backus, Coes, Smith, Taylor, and Corrister, had taken ship for China. ......The Leightons were in the interior.

The very successful engagement of Mr. and Miss Richings, at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., will terminate this week. A complimentary testimonial is to be offered Miss R. on Wednesday evening, Dec. 31st. Attached to it are the names of many members of the Senate and House of Representatives, together with those of several influential citizens. From what we hear, the testimonial is likely to eventuate in much *eclat* and splendor.

The "Naiad Queen" was produced at the Arch, Philadelphia, on the 22d, and continued through the week. One of our correspondents says "some of the scenery is very handsome, but the play was given with more effect on a former occasion. Barton Hill, as Rupert, seems to be out of his element, and appears somewhat awkward. Mrs. Drew, as the Queen, makes up splendidly."

At the dinner given by Mrs. Caleb Smith, on Christmas day, to the sick and wounded soldiers of the Stanton Hospital, Washington, Miss Caroline Richings sang the "Star Spangled Banner," "Our Union Right or Wrong," etc., to the delight and enjoyment of all present. It was an affecting, though at the same time a most agreeable scene. Senator Lane, General Farnsworth, and the Rev. Dr. Channing addressed the soldiers, who seemed to forget their pains and troubles in the pleasures of the moment. The whole affair closed with three hearty cheers for our American songstress, Miss Caroline Richings, the Rev. gentleman himself proposing it.

J. Wilkes Booth, who succeeded Maggie Mitchell at the St. Louis Theatre, on the 22d of December, opened in his great character of Richard III. "Seneca" thus speaks of him:—"This younger Booth is to the full as great a favorite here as his brother Edwin, and we think with study and experience he will yet equal his father. Certainly, taking his youth into account, he has no equal on the American stage. His *physique* and expressive face are both better than those of his father, and he evidently has the ambition necessary to carry him to any height in his profession. To-night (23d Dec.) he does "Hamlet," with Ben DeBar as the Gravedigger. Miss Matilda Heron will follow Booth, and the *eclat* of her earlier efforts here will insure her full houses, if nothing else."

Miss Alice Placide Mann will probably commence a series of performances in Elmira, N. Y., on the 29th of December.

Mr. Price had a benefit at the Walnut, Philadelphia, on the 24th, and was to have left for Boston on the 27th.

Mr. Richings and his daughter Caroline succeed Mr. J. S. Clarke, at the Arch Street, Philadelphia. Mr. Clarke brings his brilliant engagement to a close on the 3d of January, and the Richings commence on the 5th.

Mr. Grau's opera troupe will close the year 1862 with an afternoon performance at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on their way from Washington to New York. "La Traviata" will be presented.

CIRCUSES.

The "Brooklyn Arena," a new place of public amusement, located on Raymond street, near DeKalb avenue, was opened for the first time on Monday evening, Dec. 22, and the performances on the occasion were such as to afford pleasure to all present, and very creditable, indeed, to all parties concerned, considering it was the first night of a new place. The Arena is intended as a permanent place for equestrian and acrobatic performances, and has been launched upon the sea of public amusements by Mr. Calvin Witty (the owner of a large livery stable in Brooklyn), at a cost of over $18,000. It is built entirely of timber; is 140 feet by 50, and 50 feet to the roof. The diameter of the ring is 45 feet. Back of this is the stage, which is to be fully equipped for theatrical purposes. When the drama is in vogue, the ring is so arranged as to be converted into a parquet. An important feature of the building is the great facilities afforded for a rapid egress from the place in case of an alarm of fire. In the rear of the stage are three doors, corresponding in size with those in front, affording abundance of means for escape. The Arena was crowded to excess on Christmas afternoon and evening, and that, too, by an exceedingly respectable audience, who testified their gratification with the excellent performances presented to them, by long continued and hearty applause. Mr. Calvin Witty, the proprietor, has determined that the citizens of Brooklyn shall be provided with a permanent place of amusement, devoted to the ever attractive performances of the circus, and with this object in view, he has constructed a commodious and beautiful building, so arranged in all its details as to be especially adapted for the patronage of families. Indeed, the most fastidious could visit the Arena without any fear of annoyance from the objectionable words and actions some of our circus managers introduce to please the groundlings. Everything is reversed from the ordinary position of affairs at circuses. The "groundlings" are sent up stairs, to occupy a spacious gallery, and the immediate vicinity of the ring is devoted to private, opera-like boxes, which can be engaged for families at 50 cents a

For Continuation of Theatrical Record, See Page 299.

"NOW DON'T."

"Oh, quit—get out? now don't you?
I really wish you wouldn't!
Oh, quit!—will you?—get out!
You know you ought to shouldn't."

"There, now, you've got it—oh, be still!
You sha'n't have any more;
You've got—oh, take away your face!
What ne man got before."

"Once more?—there, that'll do." "Oh, don't,
You've rumpled up my hair;
If you'll but quit, I'll give you one—
Now take it—there—there—*there!*"

THE ASSASSINS FOILED;

OR, THE

GYMNAST AND HIS "STEADFAST" FRIEND.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN F. GILWEE.

Twenty or thirty years ago, the vicinity of the present flourishing and progressive town of Harlem was a comparative wilderness. Harlem had no high bridge then, and if the lover of aquatics wished to gratify his propensities in that highly interesting sport upon its famous river, the pass-word would more appropriately be "low bridge," instead of high. Yorkville Road was then the abode of bull frogs, rats, and other interesting reptiles, rather than the resort of old sports with their two-forty pacers, and stylish outfits. There has been a wonderful change in matters and things generally connected with this region, even within the past half-score of years.

At the period of which we write, a gang of the most unscrupulous and desperate midnight stabbers and plunderers that ever infested the island of Manhattan, haunted the neighborhood of the Old Boston Road. Having cheated the gallows and the ends of justice for years, they became perfectly reckless in their depredations, and no act or crime was too bold or fearful for them to attempt or perform. Those New York bandits were headed and led by a notorious ruffian who had won for himself by his villainous exploits, the unenviable cognomen of Cut-throat Bill. No one living in this city at the time, ever knew him by any other name, and there were very few names that carried so much weight with them, for it was a perfect terror to the quiet and respectable inhabitants of that out-of-town region.

This crowd were naturally and instinctively highway robbers of the basest and most contemptible character. When they failed in falling upon richer spoils, they made a raid upon the gardens and barn yards of their neighbors, and carried off their fattest and most valuable fowls. Their captain was an expert in the trade. Cut-throat Bill had, some years previous to this epoch, "left his country for his country's good," as Shakespeare has it, having been transported to Botany Bay for life, for one of the most disgusting and heinous crimes on record. He succeeded, however, in making his escape by murdering his prison sentinel, and plunging into the sea—he was rescued, in a nearly dying condition, from a watery grave, by an American clipper, and conveyed to these shores, where he soon put his European talent "in play," by organizing the band of ruffians of whom we speak, and instituting an absolute reign of terror in the vicinity of Bloomingdale. Time after time the officers of justice tried to cage this precious bird, and time after time were their efforts frustrated. When the "peelers" made their appearance, Bill was not "at home," and although they did not wish to be denied, and instituted a rigid search for their friend, he was, to their utter surprise, *non est*. He made a long run at this game, and scored many a hundred points. Notwithstanding his opponents' efforts to obtain the cue to his whereabouts, he always ran out before their turn came to play.

The atrocities and cold blooded murders committed by this fearful gang were often absolutely thrilling, but the manner in which those crimes were effected remained a mystery to every one who attempted to solve it. One of the wealthiest and most respectable citizens in our city might be found in the morning, lying in a ditch, his throat cut from ear to ear, his body stripped of everything valuable upon it; but who the perpetrator of the foul deed was, or where he could be found, became involved in a doubt which could never be satisfactorily removed. The precise locality of these murderous desperadoes had been repeatedly traced out, but no clue or chain of evidence to the commission of the bloody deed could be obtained.

These thieving raids and criminal exploits lasted a good while, defying at once the strategy of the citizens and officers of justice to capture the offenders.

During the period of these occurrences, a Philadelphia merchant came to New York, and purchased a residence in the immediate vicinity of the haunts of those remorseles ruffians. This respectable old gentleman's name was Mark Templeton. His son, Mark Templeton, Jr., was one of the finest specimens of manhood to be found in a day's walk; tall, athletic, deep-chested, and powerful, he might at once be considered a dangerous adversary for any man under the sun. He was yet young, but he possessed the true elements of a genuine sport. Polite, amiable, and generous withal, as the true sporting man is ever found to be, he soon became the idol of those with whom he associated. But when his blood was stirred up, and he was roused to anger, the tenderness of his nature left him, and he became a raging lion in his resentment.

Mark Templeton was an expert and accomplished gymnast. Many an hour of pleasure his performances gave his village companions. He grew to be a perfect Hercules in power and strength, and as his magnificent body became developed, there was nothing too formidable for him to take hold of.

Mark had a trustworthy, unflinching, and undaunted friend, who was always by his side, and who, when any trouble stood in the way, was ever cheerful and ready to assist his young master in putting it aside. This friend was as fine a specimen of the canine blood as his young master was of the man. He was a powerful and full-blooded bull-terier, reared and fed by Mark's own hand from the time his canine worship first saw the light. He called him Steadfast, and never was an animal more enthusiastically admired than Mark Templeton's dog was by him. Not even the overgrown louts (as the "Boy of Benish" termed the chicken of Staleybridge) owned by the celebrated concoctor of whiskey punches in Duane street, was half so deserving of, or received more kindess or attention from their idolizing master, than Steadfast obtained at Mark Templeton's hands.

Mark knew, however, that he had thrown no trouble or care away upon his body guard; for, unlike many of the so-called Christian inhabitants of this world, Steadfast was always thankful for past favors, and endeavored to return the compliment by proving himself in all cases a true and trusty friend. A feeling or impulse of ingratitude never entered the noble animal's breast.

A windy, wild, and cheerless night in December, found Mark Templeton on his way home. It was one of those dismal, foggy nights, that are so fraught with interest and astounding legends in Irish tradition. The junior but athletic member of the house of Templeton had been detained over his usual hours by a pressure of business, and consequently had to "travel late of a stormy night," as the CLIPPER's prize story of "Andy Blake" uses it.

Mark Templeton had a presentiment. It impressed itself indellibly on his mind. He paused and soliloquised; Steadfast gazing intently and thoughtfully into his face: "I am out rather late to-night, Steadfast. I don't know whether we had better take up our res., old boy, in these diggings, or venture up the city this evening. But, damn these sickly thoughts! Mother and the girls will be crazy if I stay away all night. If I didn't carry so much of our money about me, I would never think of staying away from home; but I've got a long and a hard road to travel, Steadfast, and if ever you behaved a good boy, you must screw your courage up to the sticking point now, and take me home safely. That infernal convict and thief, Cut-throat Bill, may attack us on the way, and if we don't display pretty good fighting qualities, we will both surely lose what is more than money—our lives."

Steadfast wagged his tail, and imperatively urged his master to advance.

On they sped until they reached the vicinity in which the present Red House is now located, Steadfast evidently studying, now and then, his master's thoughts.

Mark Templeton, indignantly frowning upon his father's injunction to carry weapons for the protection of his life and property, always replied by saying: "No gentleman will ever put me to a test of my strength or power, without sufficient provocation, and if there is a necessity for my raising my hand at all, I'll guarantee I'm able to take my own part!"

The vicinity of Yorkville was dark, dreary, and desolate. Every solitary soul in the town or village was sound asleep, and Mark Templeton, watched by his "steadfast" and resolute friend, were the only wakeful and perceptible travelers in that section of the country beneath the abode of the guardian angels.

At this point a dramatic tableau ensued, which may be easily surmised. Mark Templeton is an easy prey and valuable spoil for the ruffians who threaten his life and property. They resolve upon his annihilation. At a certain point Mark heard a rustle in the surrounding shrubbery, and placing his wallet in his coat breast pocket, chirruped Steadfast to his side.

The pale, waning moon, as though it were a special dispensation of Providence, had fought its way through an almost overpowering, dark, and forbidding sky, and happily, had thrown a little light upon the subject.

Cut-throat Bill had, evidently, not held his adversary too cheaply, for in order to secure his victim body and bones, he determined to lead the attack himself. Up they rushed, a half a dozen of the most desperate and unscrupulous ruffians that ever disgraced the criminal record of America.

Mark Templeton, the hero of many a well contested battle, stood there, as it were, in the jaws of death, pallid, but fearless, resolute, but thoughtful. Captain Bill, discovering his antagonist in an impregnable pugilistic attitude, stepped back and ordered his first lieutenant to the front. To this summons "Dusty Joe," as he was called, readily responded by rushing at Mark, with a dirk knife tightly clasped in his hand, and followed by his murderous and despicable pals. Joe, however, soon received his quietus, for Mark was too long in the reach to allow him to get in his knife. As the assassin got within reach, the gymnast caught him with a terrific left-hander on the juggler, that sent him spinning in the air like a top, and stretched him as flat as a flounder on his back.

This sockdologer was the last of Dusty Joe. Falling with his dead weight flat upon his back, his head came in contact with a sharp stone, and his skull was laid open. He never spoke or moved again.

Steadfast, perceiving this ruffian sent to grass, and knowing that his master's life was in danger, resolutely and silently crouched himself between the young Achilles' knees.

Taking a momentary survey of the ground occupied by Dusty Joe's corpus, the exasperated and incorrigible ruffian, Cut-throat Bill, concluded to dispatch his cool and courageous antagonist himself. Being of a powerful and well-knit frame, he was certainly a fearful customer to tackle. Mark Templeton himself saw this, and it became with him a matter of life or death.

The midnight assassin paused for a moment; a huge knife was clinched in his hand, and a stream of red light flashed from his cat-grey eyes. His teeth were tightly fixed, while his bronzed and naked breast heaved with emotions of desperation and fury.

There Mark Templeton stood before a crowd of desperadoes, pale, but fearless, with no weapon of defence save those which nature had given him. But he had one friend that would never desert him, and he was a match for the fiercest of them. Steadfast stood intently watching Cut-throat Bill, until the final tableau ensued.

With a yell of infuriated madness, the assassin threw himself upon Templeton, but before he came within striking distance of the gymnast, his fate was sealed. Steadfast, springing from between his master's legs, brought his full weight and strength to bear upon the ruffian's chest, staggering and knocking him down, while his teeth were firmly set in his throat. While Steadfast was dragging the windpipe out of Cut-throat Bill, Mark was slashing away right and left among the others. They fell beneath his blows like mice, until at length, those that could escape, did so in full speed, leaving Mark Templeton alone in his glory, beyond all danger.

Stooping over the lifeless body of the captain of that lawless and damnable gang, he found that the dog had not yet done with him. After dragging out his wizen, and letting his life-blood flow over the withered grass, he had seized the wrist of the assassin's arm which still held the knife with a death-like grip. Discovering that his work was accomplished, Mark took the dog away, but discovered, to his horror, that the noble animal was stabbed in the breast.

In the assassin's desperate effort to free himself from Steadfast's grip, he had stabbed him to the heart; but the faithful dog would not relinquish his hold. That was surely a thrilling scene. There lay the bloated and bloody bodies of two of the most notorious robbers and midnight stabbers that ever cursed a community, while the pale moon, shedding its faint light upon their distorted features, gave them a ghastly and spectral appearance.

Mark Templeton, carrying his dying friend in his arms, continued his journey homeward as rapidly as possible. His life had been saved by poor Steadfast, and now he must try if he can't return the kindness. But every effort was in vain. Shortly after reaching home, and before he had time to relate his terrible adventure, the noble and sagacious animal expired, licking and caressing his brave and generous master's hand. He had willingly sacrificed his life to save that of his always kind benefactor, and bitter were the tears shed by the young gymnast when he saw that his faithful ccmpanion and "steadfast" friend was no more.

That night's fatal struggle was the last exploit of those fiends in their old haunts. Their remorseless leader, Cut-throat Bill, and Dusty Joe, were buried by the residents, and the others fled to parts unknown.

THE PRIZE FIGHT.

From the London Saturday Review, Nov. 29.

We ventured to suggest, last week, that one way to check garroting would be for Londoners to learn to defend themselves. If a man carries a stick, or other weapon, he should know how to use it; and if he carries no weapon at all, it is still more desirable that he should know how to use his fists. In either case the difference which instruction and practice make is greater than the uninitiated can comprehend. A proficient in the art of self-defence would be likely to take an attack by garroters coolly, for he would know that even that cruel weapon, called a "knuckle-duster," could not hurt him if the blow struck with it fell an inch short of the features it was intended to obliterate. There is nothing more important, in receiving an attack, than to judge exactly the length of the enemy's range; and skill in doing this may be acquired by those who will adopt the proper means. It is now some time since we first pointed out that there was something to be said for prize-fighting, and certainly we did not then anticipate such a reinforcement of our argument as is afforded by the present state of the London streets.

Suppose that Tom King, the conqueror in this week's prize fight, were walking home late at night, alone, with the proceeds of his victory in his pocket, and that he was observed by two or three garroters who happened to know his person. It would very much surprise us if the garroters did not keep at a respectful distance from that mighty arm which made such havoc of poor Jem Mace's countenance. The garroter would let King alone; and, although Mace has not the same height and length of reach, he would be equally unwilling to meddle with a boxer of such well-proved skill. Either of these Champions could so deal with two or three ordinary street ruffians, that they would lie helpless where they fell, or, if they got away, they would carry marks by which they might easily be recognised. That which would be a dangerous adventure for the ordinary Londoner, would be only a good joke, or a pretty little bit of practice for King or Mace. And yet these men are neither bigger nor more courageous than many others, but they happen to have made a peculiar study of an art which has been far too generally neglected. They have fought a very creditable battle, and if they are quiet, well-conducted men, they are sure to derive benefit from the awakening perception in society of the advantages of pugilism. The current of opinion has been setting in their favor for some time, and it will gain strength from the prevalence of garroting. Everybody now thinks and talks about a fight for the Championship. Indeed, "so widely spread is the demoralisation produced by these disgraceful spectacles," that even the *Record*, from which we borrow this phrase, took the opportunity of its publication, on Wednesday afternoon, to convey early information to evangelical circles of the result of the battle between King and Mace. This battle would have been more interesting if there had not existed between the combatants nearly the same disparity in size as made the famous match between Sayers and Heenan so unsatisfactory as a trial of pugilistic skill. King is nearly five inches taller than Mace, and about two stone heavier. King's superiority in length of reach is even greater than in height and weight; but Mace is an exceedingly clever boxer, and King was, and perhaps still is, considerably inferior to him in skill. When these two men fought in January, of the present year, science proved too much for size and strength, and Mace defeated his antagonist after fighting upwards of an hour. It is highly creditable to King that he has improved as he has done since that day; and, as he will probably improve still further, it is scarcely to be expected that Mace will be able in any further trial to do better with him than he has done this week. If two men so unequal in size are nearly equal in skill, it is certain that the stronger man will win; and if they are very unequal in skill, we do not think that the sort of exhibition which they must make, ought to be dignified with the title of a fight for the Championship. However, as Mace held the belt, he was bound either to fight King, or to give it up; and if he could have kept out of the reach of King's long arms, while contriving to get in his own hits, he might have gradually reduced his tall opponent's strength until he brought himself upon even terms with him. But, after trying many times in vain, King did at last succeed in hitting Mace with his full force, and no second blow was needed. Thus, within 38 minutes the fight was begun and ended, and the strong confidence of Mace's backers was changed to disappointment. If Mace had been more cautious, he might have fought a more protracted, and possibly a winning battle. But he was trying to "force the pace," and, as he hit a little short, King caught him before he could jump back, and gave him, with all the weight of his body, a counter-hit, under which he fell helpless. Even after this tremendous blow, Mace stood, or tottered, during two more rounds, thus proving that any suspicion which had been thrown upon his courage was unmerited. That Mace should be able to come up to time at all is a great example of what may be done by pluck and training; and, on the other hand, King deserves high praise for having derived from his previous defeat the knowledge which now gave him victory. The old comparison between the Prize Ring and the battle-field of life may once more be repeated; for there are not many competitors in any kind of contest who might not take a lesson of resolution and perseverance from the boxer King. The blow which knocked Mace off his legs was compared by some of the spectators to a shot from an Armstrong gun. Perhaps this comparison was suggested by the scene of the engagement, which was those same dreary Essex marshes amid which long-range cannon may be fired without injury to life or property. We cannot help thinking that, where there is room for experiments with rifled guns and iron-plated targets, a few square yards of turf may well be spared for testing the powers of penetration and resistance of the human fist and cheek. Surely the police have plenty to do in looking after garroters, and might venture to leave the prize-fighters to themselves. It is rather hard upon the patrons of this sport that they must sit up all night, and steal like malefactors, amid the fog of early morning, to an out-of-the-way spot, where it is only just possible that the police may be an hour or two behind them. If the art of self-defence is of any value, we must allow it to be sustained at the highest point of excellence, by the means which experience shows to be the best adapted for that purpose. In every art the most practical test is the most reliable. As English horse-breeding would be without the Derby, so would English boxing be without an occasional fight for the Championship. If it be once admitted that men are likely to want to use their fists, or any other weapon, civilization and humanity require that they should be taught how to use them. A signal illustration of the necessity of such teaching is afforded by the deplorable duel which lately occurred in France. We say nothing in defence of a state of society which renders duels possible, or even necessary; but if a man lives amid such dangers, should he not prepare himself to meet them creditably? It is melancholy to read of the poor, helpless Dillon going, for the first time, to a fencing-master the day before his meeting with an adversary who might be expected to know what he was about. It is to be feared that the fencing-master's unsuccessful efforts to teach his pupil the difference between *quarte* and *tierce* only made that pupil nervous, and less able than ever to defend his life. But whether Dillon took a single lesson in fencing, or none at all, the meeting between him and M. de Gramont could scarcely fail to be fatal to one or the other of them, because of Dillon's utter want of skill. A man who has never had a sword in his hand before, thinks that, by a sudden and violent attack at the first possible moment, he may hit his practised adversary while expecting an attack according to the rules of fence. Something of this kind must have been intended by the fencing-master, who told Dillon that, by making a particular movement, he might spit his adversary like a lark. To guard against such possibilities, the skilled fencer is compelled to do what he would not do against an opponent of equal skill. At the first rush which his unsuccessful assailant makes, he receives him on his own point, and the sword enters the advancing body up to the hilt—in fact, he "counters" his antagonist very much as King did Mace. Thus he inevitably takes life; but if he did not take it he would lose it. But where the sword is in practised hands, it may reasonably be hoped that "honor will be satisfied" on less severe terms. The use of fencing, sometimes is, that you may not hurt your adversary too much; but we do not recommend boxing on that ground. On the contrary, society would thank proficients if, when they have begun punching the head of a garroter, they would not soon remember to leave off.

OUR GAME BAG.

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

THAT'S SO!—A woman says what she pleases without being knocked down for saying it.

She can take a snooze after dinner while her husband goes to his business.

She can go into the street without being asked to stand a treat at every saloon.

She can paint her face if it be too pale, and powder it if too red.

She can stay at home in time of war, and get married again if her husband is killed.

She can wear corsets if too thick—other fixins if too thin.

She can get divorced from her husband whenever she sees one that she likes better.

She can get her husband in debt all over until he warns the public not to trust her on his account.

These are a few of the advantages woman has.

WHOLESOME PROVERBS.—If you hant git gud cloathes and edducation too, git the cloaths.

Say How are ye? to everybody.

Kultivate modesty, but mind and keep a gud stock of impidence on hand.

If you argy, never git beat.

Be charitable; three cent pieces war made on purpose.

Don't take ennybody's advice but your own.

It costs no more to borry than to buy.

If a man flatters yu, yu ken kalkerlate that he is a roge, or yure a fool.

Kepe both ize open, but don't cee morn half yu notis.

JOB A TOBACCO CHEWER.—"There was a man in the land of Uz, and his name was Job, who feared God and eschewed all evil." This means, boys, said the master, "that he eschewed evil as I do tobacco; he would have nothing to do with it." With this clear and forcible elucidation of the word "eschew," he proceeded, and a number of verses were read and commented on in a similar clear and intelligent manner. A few days afterwards the school committee called to make an examination and report progress. The master called the boys up and began to put them through an examination. "Who was the man who lived in Uz?" he asked. "Job." "Was he a good man?" "Yes." "What did he do?" "He chewed tobacco when nobody else would have anything to do with it," was the boy's answer.

A MILKING MACHINE.—An Ohio paper tells a pretty good one of an old bachelor of that place, who was present at a butter fair recently held in that State. A lady who enjoys a joke hugely, asked him if he would like to see a milking machine, one of which was on exhibition. The gentleman of course signified his assent, when Mrs. —— conducted him to a far corner of the room, where a very young person was drawing sustenance from the maternal fount, and pointing to the cherub, Mrs. —— said that was one of the most perfect arrangements ever invented. Such a roar of laughter followed as was likely to bring down the plastering.

SHOCKING.—At an evening party in Boston, one of the ladies at the tea-table thought to enliven the conversation by addressing Mr. Sharpe on the subject of his recently engaging in the business of house-keeping, i. e., setting up "bachelor's hall," and asked how he got along—if he felt at home, &c. "Why, yes, ma'am," was the reply; "I begin to feel a good deal in the family way." The ladies bit their lips, and concluded the information was too good to keep—from their husbands.

A POLITE MAN.—"My deceased uncle," says a humorous writer, "was the most polite gentleman in the world. He was making a voyage on the Danube, and the boat sunk. My uncle was just on the point of drowning. He got his head above water for once, took off his hat, and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?' and down he went."

JUST SO.—"My son," said Spriggles senior, to Spriggles junior, thinking to enlighten the boy on the propagation of the hen species, "my son, do you know that chickens come out of eggs?" "Do they?" said Spriggles junior, "I thought eggs come out of chickens." Thus endeth the first lesson.

CRUEL.—At a printers' festival in La Crosse, recently, the following toast was offered: Women—second only to the Press in the dissemination of news.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The Grand Raffle for the finest Double Gun in America, is POSTPONED till JANUARY 22d, 1863. 100 Shares at $5, to come off at HARMER'S, Broad and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. Send orders for shares (where the gun is on exhibition) to PHILIP WILSON & CO.'S Sportsmen's Depot, 415 Chestnut st., Philadelphia. (Tally list of throws will be published in this paper.) 38-2t

THE PISTON PIPE.—This newly invented article, the only one for smoking that overcomes the complaints and objections to every other Pipe on account of the rank and offensive smell growing out of its use. It may be considered a great discovery, giving the Pipe or Cigar smoker, a luxury, at once economical, pleasant, and convenient in its use. A Sample will be sent, post paid, free from observation, by enclosing 30 cents, and 4 letter stamps, to the Agent, J. H. MARTIN, Hawley, Pa. P. O. Stamps taken if new and clean. 37-

GAME FOWL.—The undersigned offers for sale his entire stock of GAME FOWLS, comprising selections from the best stock in America, and carefully bred by himself. All Fowls sold by me, I warrant Dead Game. Reference given if required. Address PETER BRANSON,
37-6m* 1009 Portland street, Philadelphia.

SMOKERS! See Piston Pipe, Advertisement, and send for one. 37-

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE Magnifying 500 times, for 28 cents, (coin preferred.) Five of different power, for $1.00; mailed free. Address F. K. BOWEN.
37-3mp Box 220, Boston, Mass.

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS!—ALL DESCRIPTIONS—Sent post paid, for 25 cents each, by J. N. COX,
37-3t* 84 Nassau street, N. Y.

MAGIC CIGAR CASES, containing rich gifts of Jewelry, sent for $1, by G. G. BERRY,
37-4t* North Strafford, N. H.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED BOOK AGENCY. Send for a Circular. HENRY STEPHENS, 85 Nassau st. 35-tf

SEND FOR A MAMMOTH PACKAGE, containing Four Fancy Articles; price 25 cents. Also, Rubber Goods for Gentlemen's use. Address J. H. FARRELL, 15 Ann street, near Broadway, N. Y. 35-tf

BOOKS ON LOVE, AS USUAL.—Catalogues sent free. No fraud practised. JOHN ATCHISON,
36-3mx* 93 Duane street, New York.

M. NELSON,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
PLAYING CARDS,
And all articles used in
GAMES OF AMUSEMENT AND CHANCE.
421 Broadway, New York. 35-

WORDEN HOUSE,
CORNER OF BOWERY AND BAYARD STREETS, N. Y.
Guests can be accommodated with Rooms by the day or week, with or without board. GEO. P. WORDEN, Proprietor. 9-3m

JAMES GOODWIN, Commission Paper Dealer, No. 110 JOHN STREET, near Cliff, New York.
News and Printing Paper manufactured to order at the shortest notice. 31-tf

DAYS "SEALED CIRCULAR-LETTER" will be ready Jan. 1. Send 3c stamp to CHAS. HENRY DAY, New Haven, Conn. 36-3t

FERRETS FOR SALE.—C. W. Annis, Buckland, Conn., Importer and Breeder of Ferrets. Letters will receive prompt attention. Price, $10 per pair. 36-4t*

ATTENTION SPORTING MEN!!!—Send 25 cts., and your address to Box 29, BELMONT, MASS., and receive by return mail, a MYSTERIOUS ARTICLE. 37-2t*

SEE ADVERTISEMENT for the PISTON PIPE. 37-

PHELAN'S IMPROVED



BILLIARD TABLES
AND
COMBINATION CUSHIONS.
Protected by Letters Patent dated Feb. 19, 1856; Oct. 23, 1860, Dec. 8, 1857; Jan. 12, 1858; Nov. 16, 1858; March 29, 1859; and September 29, 1860.
The recent improvements in these Tables make them unsurpassed in the world. They are now offered to scientific Billiard players as combining speed with truth never before obtained in any Billiard table. Also,
PHELAN'S NEW BOOK—"The Game of Billiards," 4th edition, enlarged, revised, illustrated with additional diagrams and a portrait on steel of the author. Price, one dollar, elegantly bound, sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price.
Address, PHELAN & COLLENDER,
1 63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby stree

GREAT BOOKS!!
NEW BOOKS! NEW BOOKS!!
DON'T FAIL TO SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.
OUR NEW CATALOGUE NOW READY.
SENT FREE—POSTAGE PAID—ON APPLICATION.
THE OLD ESTABLISHED AND ONLY RELIABLE BOOK,
AND SPORTING GOODS AGENCY,
Where orders are promptly and faithfully executed,
Address, THOMAS ORMSBY, Marble Buildings,
1 84 Nassau Street, New York.

THE YOUNG AMERICA FIRM
AND
GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,
CONDUCTED BY
EDGAR, MORPHY & CO.,
at 81 Nassau street,
New York,
Are now prepared, with increased facilities, to supply Books, Cards, Prints, Photographs of Statesmen, Literary men, Actors and Actresses, Vocalists, Army and Navy Officers, and Pugilists, Newspapers and Magazines (foreign and domestic), Boxing Gloves, Perfumery, Jewelry, etc., etc.
Stereoscopic Views, Song Books, Hoyle's Games, Boxing Books, Novels, etc.
LONDON, PARIS, BRUSSELS,
AND
YANKEE NOTIONS.
Send for Catalogues.
Send for Catalogues.
Send for Catalogues.
Register your money letters at our risk.
tf-33 EDGAR, MORPHY & CO

NOW SELLING UPWARDS OF 1000 COPIES PER WEEK.

PATHOLOGY
OF THE
REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS,
BY
RUSSELL T. TRALL, M.D.

THE
SEXUAL ORGANISM.
BY
JAMES C. JACKSON, M. D.

"The treatises in this volume are upon subjects of the utmost importance in a physiological point of view. These subjects are handled in an able manner. The authors are medical men of large experience; and the advice which they give is sound, and applicable alike to the guidance of parents and to the benefit of the young. A perusal of the work will do much to secure healthy mental and bodily functions; while to suffering humanity, it offers judicious advice, which may save many from complicating their sufferings by resorting to quack doctors and empirical treatment."—Boston Journal.
"Should be read by all old enough to understand it."—Water Cure Journal.
"It will be the source of much good; being prepared with care, and from abundant knowledge."—Boston Traveller,
"It is a book for the times, and should be in every family."—World's Crisis, Boston.
"An honest effort to diffuse useful information. Most popular works on this subject are the reverse of this, and are mere advertisements of quacks."—Plymouth Rock.
"A valuable addition to medical literature."—Boston True Flag.
"A valuable book for the afflicted, and for all who would not be. Its counsels are of great importance to all."—Boston Congregationalist.
"Contains practical information that should be known and acted upon by parents and children, the married and single. The chapters devoted to children and their management ought to be read by every mother."—Nunda, (N. Y.) News.
"That this is a suggestive volume must be admitted, we think, by either a professional or non-professional reader. Engaged, as we are, in advocating a general reform of our social habits and opportunities for physical improvement, we hail with delight any suggestive influences that may be brought to bear upon our favorite line of action, come from what quarter it may. We therefore take great pleasure in recommending the above volume to a fair and candid consideration among all classes. Every chapter is valuable, and all the subjects of those chapters are well chosen. Boston is 'great in all good works.'"—N. Y. Clipper.
Price THREE DOLLARS. Sent to any address. Send orders to the publisher, B. LEVERETT EMERSON,
129 Washington street, Boston, Mass.
For sale in New York by O. S. FELT, 36 Walker street, and by SINCLAIR TOUSEY, 121 Nassau street.
☞ UNLIKE ANY OTHER BOOK, this will teach the reader how to prevent, and permanently CURE, EVERY FORM of sexual disease and derangement, without feeing or consulting any doctor whatever. No other medical book has ever received such commendations from the Press. GET THE BEST. 15-

"THE ACTRESS." 191 Double Column Pages, 13 full pages, illustrative, 50c; "Memoirs of an Actress," 50c; "Opera Dancer," 50; "Clifford and the Actress," 50c; "New York Naked," 50c; "Orphan Seamstress," 25c; "Caroline Tracy," 25c; "Fast Life," 25c; Loves of Paris," 50c; "Juliete Moore," 15c; "Boxing," 13c; "Kate Vaugh," 10c; "Charley Hunter," 11 engravings, 25c; "Daring Deeds of Good and Bad Women," 25c. Our sealed Circular letter, 3c. Send above prices to
34-tf CHAS. H. DAY, New Haven, Conn.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!
SPORTING ARTICLES, CARDS AND PRINTS,
J. H. FARRELL, Bookseller, 15 Ann street, N. Y.
Books of every variety, either Foreign or Domestic, furnished on application. Parties desiring books of any description, by sending address, post paid, will receive immediate attention. All Books, Sporting and Fancy Articles you may see advertised, will be furnished to order. Catalogues sent on application. Address, J. H. FARRELL, dealer in Books and Fancy Articles, No. 15 Ann street, New York. 35

HOW TO WIN AT CARDS.—Send your address and two red stamps to HOWARD M. GRAVES, New York City Post Office, and he will inform you of a SURE method of winning at ALL the various games. Try it, and get an answer by return mail. 32-3m*

"DO YOU WANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?"—In 1852 I first asked this question. It was answered by numerous people; and I ask if any of them ever knew my Onguent to fail in doing all I claimed for it; namely: that it would compel the Beard or Moustache to grow upon the smoothest face within six weeks from the first application. Like all successful inventors, I have had to contend with a host of imitators, some of whom even go so far as to copy my advertisements. However, truth is mighty, and will prevail; and you, my beardless friends, will find that my Onguent is the only thing that will really force the Beard to grow, and will neither stain or injure the skin. I send it to any part of the country, free of postage, for $1. [19-1t*] R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau street, N. Y.

XLNT.—Reduction in Price. Our Famous Bijou Fancy Package, with "additional attractions," containing Sketches, Songs, Jokes, Toasts, FIVE BOOK CIRCULARS and a COLORED ENGRAVING, sent to any address on receipt of 13 Cents. NO HUMBUG. EDGAR, MORPHY & CO.,
29-4t 81 Nassau Street, New York.

BOOKS, SPORTING GOODS, etc. Send for a Circular. P. O. Box 1256, N. Y. 35-tf

GAME FOWL FOR SALE.—JONATHAN DORWART, Lancaster, Pa., Importer and Breeder of GAME FOWLS. Letters, with 3 cent stamp, receive prompt attention. 35-6t*

SINCLAIR TOUSEY,
121 NASSAU STREET,
GENERAL AGENT FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

M. T. TYLER, PRINTER, 44 ANN ST., 4th Floor.